

THE
Rival Generals:
A
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Dublin*,
By his MAJESTY's Servants.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἢ πολλῶν γε κακῶν λύσεις ἀπανίας;
Ἢ πᾶσιν δείξαις οἷα τὰ δαίμονι χροῖ;

By J. STERLING, A. B.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. Bettefworth, at the Red Lion in Paternoster-Row. 1722. Price 1 s. 6 d.

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Printed by J. O'NEILL, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

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Printed for A. Butterworth, at the Red Lion in Patern-
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TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

William Conolly, Esq;

One of the LORDS JUSTICES
of *Ireland.*

S I R,



SINCE Dedications to the Great have always challeng'd an Esteem for the Works of an Author, I'm perswaded the high Honour I have of the Rever'd Name of CONOLLY to give a Sanction to this Piece, will oblige the World to find some Beauties in it, and confirm the Applause it has receiv'd in its Representation. Your Approbation, Sir, arrests Censure; and the Deference Mankind pays to Your Judgment must give me at least a Planetary Light reflected from Your Excellency. But I fear my Ambition, or rather Presumption in this Address has transported me too far, when I consider You live not for Your self, and that a whole Nation may suffer, if an Amusement of this Nature suspends, even a few Minutes, the Weight of Your important Hours.

It was remark'd of *Cesar*, that he glory'd more in the illustrious Title of Father of

iv DEDICATION.

his Country, than that of Conqueror of the World; nor does the Olive bloom less ver-
dantly for the Patriot, than the Laurel for
the Heroe. How well You merit the first
great Name, a sinking Nation must with Gra-
titude acknowledge, when You are the *Atlas*
that supports it; and our future Sons to la-
test Posterity must revere Your Memory as
much as the *English* do that of a *Cecil* and
Stanhope, or the *French* that of *Richelieu* and
Mazarine.

Your continu'd Zeal and Vigilance for the
Welfare of Your Country, lately conspicu-
ous in supporting the Credit and Trade of
this City, (when in a neighbouring Nation
both were sunk to the lowest Ebb) Your
Alacrity in Business, as Commissioner of the
Revenue; Your Affability in Domestick Af-
fairs; Your Wisdom and Oratory in our Par-
liament (where to the universal Satisfaction
of the Kingdom You have been so long *Speaker*)
Your just Administration in the Discharge of
that important and honourable Trust repos'd
in You by His Majesty, as one of the *Lords*
Justices of Ireland, chequer out Your Chara-
cter with so many shining Qualities, that 'tis
difficult to say, whether the Fine Gentleman,
Polite Courtier, Deep Statesman, or truly
Good and Great Man have the Ascendant.

Tho' His Majesty has given many eminent
Demonstrations of his Wisdom, yet in no-
thing it is more conspicuous, than in His
Choice of a Minister who graces the Honours
he so well deserves to wear, and who shews
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DEDICATION.

V

the World he can shine in his own native Light; while now his Prince and he cast on each other a reciprocal Lustre. But it is not, SIR, on the transient Basis of pompous Titles You erect Your Fame; already You have often declin'd those Marks of a Royal Esteem; and greatly chose rather to be illustrious by generous Actions, than by an adventitious Creation. True Worth blazes forth while it is most industrious to be conceal'd, and You are more than *Earl* or *Marquess*, while You wou'd seem less.

Your Choice of a Lady (to whom the World allows all hereditary Vertues) in the Daughter of Sir *Albert Cunningham*, seems to intimate, that the Souls of Patriots naturally sympathize, and are by Instinct led to an Affinity and Alliance with each other. To his Conduct the Preservation of the North of *Ireland* was chiefly owing in the Year *Eighty Eight*, who disdain'd to abandon his Country, bleeding under the Oppressions of an intestine War, when too many of its Great Ones made *England* their Sanctuary, and forsook it in its Distress, and languishing State. How far the famous General *Cunningham*, his Son, advanc'd the Reputation of the *British* Arms, his Actions in *Spain* are eternal Monuments.

I must here congratulate my self, that I have first awak'd the *Irish* Muse to *Tragedy*, and with some Vanity reflect, I have an Opportunity of presenting the first Tribute of this Nature to You, SIR, whose generous and national Temper naturally induces You
to

vi DEDICATION.

to take into Your Protection the Product of Your Country, and to favour each laudable Design that may advance its Reputation and Improvement: Nor can I omit this Occasion of testifying my Gratitude to Your Excellency, who so generously contributed in the first Session of this Parliament, to do my Father that Justice in his Pretensions, which was deny'd him in a late Reign; but noble Actions are familiar to You, and 'tis Your particular Province, from the native Greatness of Your Soul, to grow popular without Ostentation; nor can there be a greater Instance of Your benign Nature, than Your Condescension to receive this Trifle from him who is, SIR, with all Respect and Deference,

Your Excellency's Most Obliged,

And Most Obedient Servant,

J. STERLING.



T O



TO MR. STERLING, on his
PLAY of the RIVAL
GENERALS.

NOR Friendship's sacred Call the Muse obeys,
Nor Flattery tunes these tributary Eays:
Thy Merit only from a conscious Mind
Extorts a Praise exalted and refin'd—

To rob aspiring Virtue of its Name,
Its Glory stifle, or suppress its Fame;
Nay ev'n with faintly Praising to dispense,
Proclaims our Envy, or our Want of Sense.

To make each sympathizing Bosom glow,
To make each Eye with gen'rous Pity flow;
To make the list'ning Youth in Anguish melt,
And Virgins sigh for Grievs they never felt;
The Buskin'd Muse upon the Stage appears,
And takes her Tribute of Applause in Tears.

How much of this thy labour'd Work has won!
How much it speaks thee Phœbus' darling Son!
When I would sing, I mourn my baffl'd Scheme,
Nor can the Song rise equal to the Theme;
None but your self, none but your Lines are fit
To shew the Strength and Beauty of your Wit:
None but your own pathetick Muse can shew
How well you make our Passions ebb and flow.
Who sees your Great Honorio's hapless State,
Brave in his Fall, and glorious in his Fate?
Who hears the mournful Eloisa's Moan?
Who views their Sorrows, and can stop his own?
When Sigismunda weeps in tender Strains,
We share her Grievs, and struggle with her Pains;

Each

TO MR. STERLING, &c.

Each Before feels her agonizing Throes,
And sighs with imaginary Woes.
On single Parts, my Friend, I vainly dwell,
When the Whole shines inimitably well.

Contemn those Fools, who nibble at thy Thoughts,
And think all Wit consists in finding Faults;
Despise their Censure, and defy their Spite;
Such awkward Criticks prove thee in the right—
Such slender Witlings, of Opinion full,
Such plodding Pedants, venerably dull,
Ne'er hope to please; 'tis shooting in the dark,
And even to do it, is to miss the Mark.

Long had our Stage, on foreign Refuse fed,
To a proud Mistress bow'd her servile Head;
Her Learnings treasur'd up, and cur'd the Land
With broken Scraps of Wit at second Hand;
While not one Muse arose in our Defence,
Spoke our Resentment, or proclaim'd our Sense;
With scarce one native Note our Island rung,
Her Bards untuneful, and her Harp unstrung:
By you her home born Rage she now displays,
Inspir'd to merit independant Praise.

But let me boast, I first essay'd to sing,
Artless of Voice, and impotent of Wing,
On Comick Pinions humble Flights explor'd,
Trifled in Song, nor to the Buskin soar'd:
You swiftly flew, o'ertook me in the Race,
Whilst gladly I retire, and give thee Place;
To better Hands resign my Country's Cause,
And testify my Zeal by my Applause.
I yield the Crown, and thence extract my Praise;
Where Phœbus points, who dare deny the Bays?
The Morning Star thus faintly gilds the Skies,
Dispells the Gloom, and shews Aurora's Rise;
Till soon o'erpow'r'd, he hides his feeble Ray,
Lost in the Glory of the opening Day.

MAT. CONCANNEN.

To



To the AUTHOR of the RIVAL GENERALS.

AS Beauties, envious of a Rival's Fame,
With unjust Praises blast th' aspiring Dame,
And frame a Piece, as Nature never made;
(All glaring Light without the Help of Shade)
So Critics, jealous of your rising Name,
Speak the Work perfect which they mean to damn;
Confess the Unities are kept entire,
With Waller's Sweetness, and with Cowley's Fire.
Unlike to Beauty is your matchless Play,
It answers all, nay more than we can say:
The generous Friendship does so strongly charm,
Our Breasts with noble Emulation warm:
Virtue distress'd does real Anguish move,
Soft melting Scenes tune all our Souls to Love.
You shew us Life, a Bubble fill'd with Air:
How fleeting are its Joys, how insincere:
With such a blooming Muse young Congreve writ,
And charm'd with Wonder the attentive Pit:
With godlike Energy at once you move,
Like Pallas springing from the Head of Jove.
Write on, assert the Genius of our Isle,
With the same Fustness both of Thought and Style:
Still may you thus our Admiration raise,
Till Envy gives involuntary Praise!

B

P R O E

NEN.

To

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. ELRINGTON.

Design'd for King *William's* Birth-Day.

As the persuasive Force of Musick's Art
Charms ev'ry Sense, and dives into the Heart;
As each nice Touch, with its peculiar Grace,
Calls forth the Soul into the varying Face;
When sooth'd by Sound the Passions fall and rise,
And Nature works as different Airs surprize:
So — with such tender Strokes a Play shou'd shine,
As might confess its Origine divine,
Please ev'ry Ear, and ev'ry Soul refine —
T'engage you thus th'industrious Author strove,
Thus draws his Heroe, and thus paints his Love;
That ev'ry Breast may sympathize around,
And feel the Influence of the magick Sound;
Till Kindred Grief makes all your Eyes confess,
That Tears must flow for Beauty in Distress;
Till ev'ry Heart with gen'rous Pity glows,
While suffering Heroets struggle in their Woes —

The brave Venetian tries in ev'ry Groan
T' impart his Grief, and make his Woes your own;
He shews the Strength of his unconquer'd Soul,
Which Death, nor Rage of Tyrants can controul.
He, like Great Nassau, 'midst surrounding Foes,
Shone in the Danger, in Misfortunes rose;
Fix'd as Mount Atlas, when rough Tempests blow
Around his Head, and Billows rage below:
Both, both a falling, bleeding State restor'd,
And Liberty sat perch'd on either Sword:
The bloody Var is but a second Boyne,
And Remo's Fight, the Battle of the Rhine:
The Siege The One made Genoa endure,
Now represents the Burning of Namure.

Then spare, ye Criticks (who malignant sit
To sate your Spleen upon the Wrecks of Wit)
O! spare the youthful Author, nor refuse
This early Tribute of an Infant Muse;
The Muse and Boy to easy Favour take,
And smile on Astramont for William's sake.



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mr. GIFFARD.

A S some coy Maid, upon her Bridal Day,
Dreads, and yet longs to meet the am'rous Play;
Who pants and trembles at departing Light,
Yet glows with Rapture at approaching Night;
Just so our Author, like that Virgin Lover,
Hop'd for Success, yet wish'd that all were over —

The Patriot Youth has taught with gen'rous Rage
The Tragick Muse to tread the Irish Stage;
Th' Ætherial Heights he first attempts to rise,
And boldly soars thro' unexperienc'd Skies —
Revive, thou sinking Genius of our Isle,
On new Roscommons and new Congreves smile!
Awake Hibernians, and assert the Bays,
The Ashes rak'd, the hidden Embers blaze;
The secret Treasures of your Souls explore,
Shake off the Dross, and shew the golden Ore;
Your Gen'als shone amidst th'embattl'd Train
At Hockstet's Fight, and fam'd Ramilia's Plain;
Your Fair first fir'd your Heroes Souls to fight;
So may their Magick charm our Youth to write!
May Arts and Arms with equal Glory rise,
And fill our wond'ring Neighbours with Surprise!
Our Pens record the Deeds our Chiefs have wrought,
And write with the same Spirit that they fought!

— Our Muse, ye snarling Cynicks, scorns your Favour,
'Tis that Illustrious Ring must damn or save her: [Bowling to the
To Night behold the Convert of their Eyes, Ladies.
And from the Pedant see the Poet rise:
He drew his Inspiration from the Fair,
And damning him, you'd damn that Circle there.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Iagello,</i>	{ Doge of <i>Genoa</i> , in Love with <i>Eloisa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
<i>Guiscardo,</i>	{ The <i>Genoese</i> General, in Love with <i>Elqisa</i> ,	Mr. <i>Husbands</i> ,
<i>Perolto,</i>	A Commander under him,	Mr. <i>Frisby</i> .
<i>Spinoli,</i>	{ A Renegade <i>Genoese</i> , who betray'd the <i>Venetian</i> Army.	Mr. <i>Fr. Elrington</i> ,
<i>Lorenzo,</i>	{ Captain of the City Guards, and faithful to the Doge's Interest,	Mr. <i>R. Elrington</i> .
<i>Aframont,</i>	Page to the Doge, The <i>Venetian</i> General,	Mr. <i>Elrington</i> sen'
<i>Honorio,</i>	{ A noble <i>Venetian</i> , Brother to <i>Eloisa</i> , in Love with <i>Sigismunda</i> ,	Mr. <i>Giffard</i> .



W O M E N.

<i>Leonalta,</i>	{ <i>Iagello</i> 's Wife, secretly in Love with <i>Aframont</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Lyddel</i> .
<i>Eloisa,</i>	Wife to <i>Aframont</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Knapp</i> .
<i>Sigismunda,</i>	{ <i>Iagello</i> 's Daughter by a former Wife, in Love with <i>Honorio</i> ,	Miss <i>Lyddel</i> .
<i>Eugenia,</i>	Favourite Woman to <i>Leonalta</i> .	Mrs. <i>Grace</i> .

Guards, Senators, Soldiers, &c,

SCENE, GENOA.

THE



THE
Rival Generals.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE the Northern Gate of Genoa. *A Symphony of Warlike Musick.*

Enter GUISCARDO and PEROLTO, as returning from the Fight. Soldiers appear at a Distance.

GUISCARDO.



AIL! to this glorious, most auspicious Morn,
Which crowns my Arms with ever-bloom-
ing Laurels,
And frees despairing Genoa from her Foes,
Who late insulting thunder'd at her Gates,
Destroy'd our Sons, and laid our Country waste:
By Heav'n! my Blood exults in every Vein,
And flows impatient of its crimson Channels:
My Heart triumphant bounds within my Breast,
That swells with Conquest, Glory, and Revenge.

Per. Yes, 'tis a Day luxuriant in its Blessings,
A glorious *Æra* thro' succeeding Ages
For all our grateful Sons to date their Time.

Guisc. At length, by a capricious Whirl of Fortune,
The proud *Venetian*, tow'ring *Astramont*,
Reluctant bends to my superiour Genius,
And owns a Conqueror—

Per. At once you've hurl'd him from his airy Summit,
And all his Army sunk beneath your Sword.

Flush'd

Flush'd and elated with continu'd Conquests,
 He drove resistless in his rapid Course;
 Still Devastation waited on his Sword,
 And but last Night this Thunderbolt of War
 Encamp'd within a League ev'n of our Walls.

Guisc. Yet the victorious Legions perish'd all:
 This Morning's Sun already drinks their Blood,
 And the East blushes with unusual Purple.
 Thou know'st not yet whence flow'd our Tide of Con-
 'Twas by our faithful Renegade, *Spinoli*, [quest;
 We gain'd Admittance to that Scene of Horror,
 Where pompous Death rag'd thro' the hostile Camp;
 Thither we march'd, big with the Fate of Thousands,
 Beneath the Covert of the friendly Darkness,
 And while the weary'd Soldiers lay supine,
 The vast Success glutted our Expectations.

Per. O glorious Theme!
 Mountains of Slain in ghastly Carnage rose,
 And serv'd as Ramparts for the few remaining,
 That ev'n their mighty Loss became their Safety:
 But what yet crowns the Triumphs of the Day,
Honorio and *Astramont*.—

Guisc. Yes, my *Peralto*, they're my Captives now,
 Those long Invaders of my Fame in War;
 Yet Envy's self can't but proclaim their Praise,
 And all its Snakes must hiss their Approbation:
 With Souls serene, intrepid, and resolv'd,
 Ev'n in the midst of Terror and Confusion,
 They check'd the Fury of the growing Slaughter,
 Death stalk'd behind, and Horror flew before them;
 They seem'd with gen'rous Emulation fir'd,
 That each might see, each cou'd excel the other,
 While both excell'd themselves.

Per. Revenge and Vict'ry only swell your Mind,
 While Beauty sinks to a regardless Distance;
 You seem forgetful that your charming Captive,
 Fugitive *Eloisa* is retaken.

Guisc. 'Twas she alone inspir'd my thund'ring Arm,
 And added Weight to my descending Sword—

Three

The RIVAL GENERALS.

3

Three Moons renew'd their Light, since I surpriz'd her,
All-wing'd with Love upon her Road to *Milan*,
(Whither her *Aframont* retir'd to Winter)
Attended by her Brother and some Horse,
Whom soon, oppress'd with Numbres, I dispers'd;
But fierce *Honorio*, who disdain'd to fly,
Tho' cover'd o'er with Wounds, I made my Prisoner;
Bravely unfortunate he lost his own,
Nor could preserve his lovely Sister's Freedom.

Per. Yet when he heard of *Aframont's* Approach,
And the Success of his all-conqu'ring Arms,
He scap'd the Guards, and bore her to the Camp,
Where she last Night was wedded to my Rival.

Guisc. How will that haughty Minion of her Soul
Rave like the Captive *Turk* within his Cage,
To find his Idol thus again my Spoil,
His transient Goddesses flit into a Cloud!

Enter Spinoli.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Welcome, my Friend, my better *Zopyrus*,
Whose generous Treach'ry has dispers'd the Storm,
Which low'ring threaten'd this devoted State.

Spi. I but prepar'd the Work your Sword compleated;
My humbler Sphere's to plot, 'tis yours to act:
I greatly own, my Lord, I fled my Country,
Urg'd by feign'd Wrongs, a seeming Malecontent,
To find a Refuge from our credulous Foes,
That smiling and secure I might betray them.

Guisc. I sent thee to the Senate—

Spi. Thus early they're assembled,
And sent this Musick to attend you to them,
With Orders for the Prisoners to march
In solemn Pomp before you.

Guisc. How are they dispos'd?

Spi. They're ready all to grace this great Procession,
And, rang'd along the Streets, in sullen Grief
Gloom to the Earth, then wildly glare around,
And spurn their clanging Chains with Indignation:
The Captive General, and *Honorio*,
In silent Majesty, and stern Disdain,

Appear

4 The RIVAL GENERALS.

Appear regardless, or of Life, or Death,
When *Eloisa* sits with folded Arms,
And streaming Eyes, bright as the weeping Amber,
And like the Rainbow smiling in a Cloud. [me!

Guisc. How does this lovely haughty Fair distract
Pe. Vain are your Hopes while yet her Husband lives.

Spi. He dies; 'tis fix'd, and in your Rival's Blood
Be seal'd both yours and *Genoa's* lasting Peace:
His haughty Arrogance will wing his Fate,
When he and furious *Iagello* meet,
Like clashing Winds, that shock the Front of Heav'n.
Besides, the Senate will revenge on him
Their injur'd Honour in the late ill Treatment
That our Ambassadors receiv'd in *Venice*.

Per. *Honorio's* Life is forfeit by his Flight,
And *Sigismunda* yet may crown my Arms! [her

Guisc. She shall, my Friend; thy Services deserve
Thy Sword, all nobly purpl'd with the Slaughter
Of this great Day, throws down th' Advantages
Of Birth, and sets your Merits on a Balance—
Like thee I burn, I languish to possess!
What tho' my Passion may incense the *Doge*,
And sting him into Madness, when he finds
His Daughter slighted for the lovely Captive?
Yet for her sake I will forego the Joys,
Th' imperfect Joys of *Sigismunda's* Arms.

Spi. So—they have canton'd out their airy Joys,
Sprung to the Goal, and thrown me at a Distance
Yet I may interpose, and marr their Hopes:
I love the beauteous *Sigismunda* too,
Spight of myself malignantly I love her;
But I must gild with Art the wily Courtier,
And sooth with Smiles these dull unthinking Warriours
[afid

My Lords, we must attend the Senate.

Guisc. I go,
And as the great Procession moves along,
Let *Genoa's* Streets blaze in aspiring Fires,
And Show'rs of Garlands strew the verdant Way;

Guisc.
Where
My Bo

Let all proclaim an Epidemick Joy,
And *Io-Pæans* reach the *Tuscan Shore* :
As when of old, after his glorious Toils
Of mighty Battels won, and Monsters slain,
Thro' Eastern Towns triumphant *Bacchus* rode,
The grateful Nations hail'd the Victor God. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Senate-House.

The Senate discover'd sitting, Iagello in a Chair of State.

Iag. How much we owe Heaven's providential Care!
That interpos'd, ev'n when we murmur'd most,
To save our State from its incumbent Ruin.
O Pow'r supreme! mysterious are thy Ways,
Involv'd in Mazes beyond Reason's Ken,
Yet all conducive to some glorious End!

1st Sen. Yon bloody Plain shou'd be immur'd for
A lasting Monument of our Deliverance, [ever,
Now cover'd o'er with Hills of slaughter'd Foes,
Whom yester Sun beheld insult our Walls;
Whose Arms but then gleam'd on our trembling City
A dreadful Splendor, and a beauteous Horror.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

2d Sen. These Trumpets speak the General's
Approach.

*Enter Guiscardo, Perolto, and Spinoli, follow'd by
Aframont and Honorio bound, with Eloisa and other
Prisoners.*

Iag. Thou great Deliverer of thy Country hail!
A bleeding State preserv'd, a Nation freed,
A generous Senate, and a grateful People
By me salute you Governour of *Corfica*,
And to the worthy Partners of your Laurels
We give the great Command of all our Gallies,
With the Protection of th' *Ionian Isles*.

[*Guiscardo, Perolto, and Spinoli bow, and
take their Seats in the Senate*]

Guisc. For such an Honour, and in such a Cause,
Where bleeding *Genoa* did demand my Sword,
My Bosom glow'd with generous Rage, and I

4 The RIVAL GENERALS.

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take their Seats in the Senate*]

Guisc. For such an Honour, and in such a Cause,
Where bleeding *Genoa* did demand my Sword,
My Bosom glow'd with generous Rage, and I

6 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Was sure inspir'd with Valour not my own,
Our Guardian Angel perch'd upon my Arm,
And trac'd out Death thro' all yon hostile Plain :
May all our Foes still meet the same Success,
And sink before us like these bold Invaders.

Hon. Vain Boaster!

[*aside.*

Spi. Sure he forgets to whom he owes his Conquest ;
Not all his tutelary Angels cou'd procure it,
But by my Means alone.

[*aside.*

Iag. Who's he who wears such Majesty in Grief,
And seems in Chains to spurn Captivity ?
He glooms upon us with superior Greatness,
And rises in Misfortunes.

[*pointing at Astramont.*

Hon. This, this is he, whose dreadful Name so oft
Congeal'd your stagnant Blood within your Veins ;
The Boast of *Venice*, and the Scourge of *Genoa*,
Who burnt your Vineyards, and destroy'd your Towns,
Routed your Armies, and consum'd your Harvests :
Ask purple *Var*, and *Remo's* bloody Plains
Yet red and reeking with your slaughter'd Sons !
Consult the Ghosts of thrice Ten Thousand Soldiers !
Then know —

Iag. Yes I know you both —

But know not yet by what opprobrious Name,
By foul Term to represent thy Baseness ;
Who, when you were a Prisoner on Parole,
Straight took a poor Advantage of our Lenity,
Fled to our Foes, and laugh'd at our Indulgence.

Hon. Upon your self that Baseness you retort,
Which thy mean little Malice throws on me ;
How all my vital Frame is discompos'd,
To think that what's more sacred than my Life
Shou'd thus be sully'd by thy tainted Breath !
My Flight was glorious, since I sav'd a Sister
From a base Russian who'd invade her Honour :
Besides — thy brutal Usage — think on thy Daughter —

Guisc. The Storm begins.

[*aside.*

Spi. On, on, rash Fool, and urge thy Fate.

[*aside.*

Iag. Audacious Man !

Thou

Thou'd better seek the famish'd Lion's Haunts,
Or rob the grizly Tygres of her Cubs,
Than thus provoke my Rage—'tis more than mortal

Spi. He shall be rack'd, impal'd—— [Daring.

1st Sen. Drag him to his Fate.

Elo. Alas! my Brother!

Ast. Dare not attempt against his sacred Life,
Lest Heav'n's Magazines be empty'd on you;
Lest Thunder, and vindictive Lightning's Blast
Fall with precipitated Fury down,
To crush your sacrilegious Heads——

——O cursed Slavery, off——

Could I but grasp a Sword, I'd quickly make
A far more pompous Scene of Terror here,
Than e'er the *Gauls* did in the *Roman* Senate.

Guisc. Fathers, these bold Invaders of our Country,
The only Fuel of this dangerous War;
Who've rous'd contending *Italy* to Arms,
And set so many States in a Combustion,
Require from us the rigid Sword of Justice:
Their Blood can scarce atone, or wash away
The late Contempt of our Ambassadors.

Their Tombs shall be the Basis of our Grandeur;
On them we will erect our rising Glory:

While haughty *Venice*, in her Champion's Death
Dispirited, must supplicate for Peace. [at,

Hon. 'Tis your base Fear of him your Genius shrinks
That thus your dastard Souls conspire his Death:

Wond'ring I've heard of violated Laws,
Of Nature's Laws infring'd, and those of Nations;

Yet scarce believ'd, those base plebeian Vices
Could taint the Minds, the godlike Minds of Heroes:

Take while you may, take our devoted Lives;

Let each inferior Brute insult the Lion,

The noble Savage in the Traytor's Toils.

Ast. Vain Men! pour down your complicated Ven-
And multiply unheard of Tortures on us: [geance,

Yet not one Groan shall e'er betray a Weakness,

Ev'n in th' extremest Bitterness of Anguish.

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O Venice! O my Country!

Elo. Despair, Love, Rage, at once inflame my Breast,
That's rack'd with all the Tyrants of the Mind,
And swelling Grief at length has found an Utterance.
My *Astramont*, my Lord, my Life, my Husband!
Must you be ravish'd from my Arms for ever?
No, thus I'll strain thee to my panting Bosom,
Devour thy Face, and feed upon thy Eyes,
Thro' which so oft we've interchang'd our Souls;
Nor Death, nor proud Oppression e'er shall part us.

Asf. O *Eloisa*! [embraces.]

This melting Scene of Tenderneſs and Love,
Theſe dear pathetick Eyes unman my Mind,
And quite enervate all my Reſolution.

Guiſc. Curſe on their Fondneſs! I can bear no
longer. [aſide.]
Guards——

Elo. Ah deign to hear the great *Honorio's* Daughter.
Honorio! oft Ambaſſador to *Genoa*:
View my beſeeching Eyes and quiv'ring Lips——

Iag. No more——

Elo. To Heav'n and you, behold thus low I fall---
If ever Mercy touch'd your melting Souls, [kneels.]
Or gen'rous Love ſtole on your ſofter Hours:
If ev'n your own Intereſt can move you,
Or you believe a Peace on eaſy Terms
With *Venice*, wou'd revive your ſinking State,
Receive to Mercy theſe illuſtrious Youths,
Who ruſh with noble Raſhneſs on their Fate;
Alas! too prodigal of Life!

Iag. Perſwaſive Eloquence, reſiſtleſs Charms,
Flow from the Muſick of her Syren Tongue: [aſide.]
In vain you move——

Elo. Will you then murder? ſtain your ſelves with
Blood?

At which black Crime deſpairing Demons ſtart,
And hug themſelves in their inferior Pains,
When they behold the Baths of blueſt Sulphur
Prepar'd for thoſe Deſtroyers of their Kind.

[While]

The RIVAL GENERALS. 9

[While *Ibe* and *Aframont* talk here, the Senate seem to confer together.

Ast. Cease to petition for precarious Life,
That little Blast of momentary Breath,
That animates a Lump of walking Clay,
Which thinks, and talks, and reasons for a while,
Then sinks for ever to its native Dust;
And but that Heaven has dash'd our Cares with Love,
A little Love, who wou'd endure this Being!

Elo. O talk not so contemptibly of Life,
But live for me, as I wou'd die for thee:
Our Vows were yesterday confirm'd in Heav'n,
And thou hast sworn with most ecstasick Transport
Transcendent Love, and everlasting Fondness:
Then kneel, and prostrate beg the Senate's Mercy;
My Brother too will join: I know he'll check
The rising Indignation of his Soul,
To save his Friend, his *Aframont*, his Brother.

Hon. On me, on me alone!

[Addressing the Senate, and kneeling.

Fall all the choicest, most ingenious Tortures,
That your industrious Vengeance can suggest:
Yet spare, O spare that great, that gallant Youth;
Tear, open all the Sluices of my Blood,
And make a great Libation from my Veins,
T' appease the Ghosts of all your slaughter'd Armies.

Ast. He raves; regard him not; let me alone
Be the just Sacrifice of all your Fury:
'Twas I who laid your Palaces in Dust,
And left your Cities smoaking on the Ground;
Your Soldiers Shades yet hov'ring o'er their Bodies,
Point to their gory Wounds, and scream Revenge.

Ia. O wond'rous Proof of most unequal'd Friendship!
[aside.

The Resolution of the Senate's fix'd;
Soon as the Sun mounts his meridian Height,
Your ghastly Heads shall grin upon our Spires.

Ast. The guilty Wretch may start for conscious Crimes,

At

10 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

At the black Horrors of approaching Death;
But a serene Integrity of Life,
And Sanctity of Manners awe the Tyrant;
Whose Pow'r extends but o'er th' ignobler Part,
And elemented Body, nor can destroy
Th' Existence of the everlasting Soul,
That Emanation of the Breath divine——
But——O *Eloisa!*

Elo. Think not I can e'er endure the Light,
When thou art gone——ah! no, I'll follow thee
Thro' all those Regions of immortal Bliss,
Whither thou flyest to prepare my Way;
All glorify'd with Rays of lambent Fire,
I'll know thee sure by thy superior Lustre,
Among the bright Inhabitants of Heaven.

Iag. Methinks 'tis more than Heav'n to hear her
I feel a Weakness creeping on my Senses; talk;
I fear the Tyrant Love insults my Age,
Whose *Syren* Pow'r ne'er durst attempt my Youth. [*aside.*
Guards, bear this Captive Lady to my House;
Her Innocence shall find Protection there——

——Left I should catch th' Infection of her Woes,
Forget my Nature, and grow tender too—— [*aside.*

Guisc. I shall remove her thence [*aside.*

Elo. Ah! barbarous Men!

[*Breaking from the Guards, and kneeling*
Inur'd to Murder, and confirm'd in Blood,
Will you not let me share my Husband's Fate?
O! take me, drag me, hurry me to Death;
Lead me to Swords, Fire, Poyson, let me endure
The circling Anguish of the racking Wheel,
For, know, my Life's involv'd, and wrapt in his.

[*She rises and embraces Aframont*

Iag. Seize her, ye Slaves, unlock her folded Arms
That twine around her hot-brain'd Heroe's Neck:
Let not her Plaints, her Cries, her Tears prevail,
But take her hence, and see that she commits
No Violence on her self.

Elo. Stand off, ye Ministers of hellish Cruelty,

[*Snatch*

The RIVAL GENERALS. 11

[Snatching a Sword from one of the Guards.

Or lo! this pointed Sword shall drain my Heart.

O Heav'n! if Justice be your Attribute,

Why rains not Sulphur down in Storms of Wrath?

Why are not all these murd'ring Sons of Slaughter

Straight bolted down to bottomless Perdition?

Why yawns not Earth in strong convulsive Pangs,

To snatch them quick into her flaming Bowels?

Ast. Soul-racking Pangs! my Wife! my Wife!—

O Heav'n!

But Thunder sleeps, and *Astramont's* in Chains.

Iag. Slaves, wrest the fatal Weapon from her.

Elo. Who's he would wrench the Lightning from
the Hand

Of thund'ring *Jove*? Take that, audacious Wretch—

[Wounds one of the Guards.

Will you not save my Husband?

——Then farewell, Reason——

My Brain grows hot, and now ferments to Phrenzy;

Quench me, ye Seas, for I'm all over Fire:

Fan me, ye Winds: Ah me! I glow, I burn:

Lo! now I'm seated in a Grove of Furies! [Agonies?

Ha! hark! What Groans are these? What dying

They freeze my Blood, and thrill thro' ev'ry Vital:

O my *Astramont*! Alas, my Brother!

What both, both quiv'ring in the Pangs of Death?

'Tis much unkind to leave me thus alone——

Now, now they mount, they soar both blazing Stars!

My Wings! my Wings! I will pursue their Tract

Of dazling Light, and stop the flying Shades.

[Catches wildly at *Astramont*, then sinks in a Swoon.

Ast. The drooping Flow'r has sunk oppress'd with
Storms,

And all that Blood, which once vermilion'd there,

Is changing to a languid, dying Paleness.

Iag. Take this Advantage of her Insensibility,

And bear her gently off—— [Guards carry her off.

Hon. She cannot languish long beneath her Sorrows,

And we shall meet again in happier Climes:

Thence,

12 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Thence, in the Transports of a hallow'd Mind,
With purer Flames, and with a Love refin'd;
On *Sigismunda* thence I'll gaze, and shew
The Angels their Epitome below.

Spi. Hence, convey them to their Dungeon.

[*Exeunt Ast. and Hon. guarded.*

Iag. Now *Halcyon Days* shall soon succeed this
And *Genoa* flourish in the Smiles of Peace; [Storm,
While they who brave our Vengeance thus shall fall.

Wing'd from on high, when pointed Lightning flies,
And furious rushes thro' the glowing Skies;
Nor Wall nor Rock its rapid Force restrains,
The subtle Flame invades their flinty Veins:
Yet without Hurt a Passage it explores
Thro' yielding Objects, and thro' pervious Pores;
The circling Moss unsing'd, it bursts the Stone,
Nor hurts the Flesh, but breaks th' opposing Bone.

[*The Curtain falls.*

End of the First ACT.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE I AGELLO's Palace.

Enter LEONALTA and EUGENIA, as newly return'd
from a private Chamber in the Senate-House.

LEONALTA.

THAT secret Chamber, and its glaring Chinks
Display'd a Scene of Wonder, Love, and Horror:
There undiscover'd have we seen and heard
All the Proceedings of the rigid Senate.
O my *Eugenia*! I am all on Fire;
The Embers of my Love that lay conceal'd,
And smother'd in my Breast, again revive,
And glow and sparkle with a fiercer Flame.
Didst thou not mark the God-like *Astramont*?
With what intrepid Scorn he brav'd his Fate?
And when the lordly Lion shook his Chains,
The curs'd *Divan* all trembled at the Din.

Eug. Brave as the first Great *Cæsar* he appear'd,
When compass'd round with bloody Assassines.

Leon. Three tedious circling Years have roll'd away,
Since first my Heroe blest my ravish'd Eyes:

Young as he was, Ambassador he came
To mediate a Peace 'twixt us and *Venice*.
O charming Youth! how was my Soul surpriz'd!
When, in a Circle of assembl'd Beauties,
He sing'd me to dance——A modest Blush
Surpl'd his glowing Cheeks, as he approach'd me:
Love and Respect (or I was well deceiv'd)
Vary'd his Looks, and trembl'd on his Lips;
Ten Thousand *Cupids* bask'd within his Eyes,
He smil'd a *Venus*, and he mov'd a God.

D

Eug. You

14 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Eug. You might have then receiv'd him to your Arms,

And own'd without a Blush your glorious Flame ;
But that your obstinate old Father, blinded
By his Ambition, and the Hopes of Greatness,
Refus'd to make you happy in your Heroe,
And sacrific'd you to the wither'd *Doge*.

Leon. When Persons, and not Souls are join'd in Marriage,
Eternal Discord marrs th' unhappy Union.

Eug. In this short Interval 'twixt him and Death,
Something must be thought on to prevent
Th' approaching Fate of that most wond'rous Man.

Leon. The Sun ev'n now steers to the Southern Skies,
While I all lost in Labyrinths of Love,
Forgot his sacred Blood must stain a Scaffold :
My Influence o'er the old *Doge* may yet divert
His bloody Purpose——yes, I'll save my Heroe,
Or share his Fate, and perish greatly with him.
But oh! his Wife, the Bane of all my Wishes!
She interposes betwixt Heav'n and me,
And is the *Isthmus* that cuts off my Hopes,
Nor suffers the divided Seas to join.

Eug. I saw, and I must own with Pity too,
The lovely Mourner in the Pangs of Anguish;
I heard her rave to see her Husband's Suff'rings;
Her big-swoln Eyes, and Agonies of Soul
Spoke a most tender Eloquence of Woe.

Leon. Most happy Pair, reciprocally blest
In Life or Death, since mutually belov'd!
Would Heav'n transform me straight to *Eloisa*,
I swear, I would not change my glorious Being,
To be the Mistress of adoring Worlds.

Eug. Madam, I've thought, and dare not trust the
By Nature cruel, obstinate in Blood: [*Doge*,
The brave *Venetian's* Guards must be corrupted—
Here, with his Friend, he may be lodg'd in private,
Safe from the *Doge*, tho' in the *Doge's* House.

Leon.

The RIVAL GENERALS. 15

Leon. Why will you urge me on the Brink of Fate;
Where glaring Horror, and a wide Destruction;
Where roaring Billows, and depending Rocks
Threaten on ev'ry Side with Wastes of Ruine?
Why will you conjure up that Bug-bear Fiend,
Honour? that frights me with its baleful Visage—
Vertue, thou hang'st upon a slender Thread,
Which, sever'd once, can ne'er again be join'd;
Then follows straight a ghastly Train of Woes,
A conscious Guilt, and Shame, and pale Remorse:
These, if I leave thy glorious rugged Paths,
Must be th' eternal Portion of my Fall——
Yet———O *Eugenia!*

Eug. Madam retire, and on my Care rely;
I know the Captain of the Prison Guards,
Aw'd by the Authority of your Name,
On the strong Motive of persuasive Gold,
Will ne'er dispute the noble Captive's Freedom. [*Exit.*

Leonalta sola.

Contending Passions tear my tortur'd Breast,
And Love makes all an Anarchy within:
Down, down then, ev'ry other busy Thought;
Come now, my *Aframont*, my Heroe come,
At thy lov'd Sight alone these Tumults cease,
One Smile from thee restores my wounded Peace:
As *British* Monarchs, by a Gift divine,
(Conferr'd by Heav'n upon the Royal Line)
With hallow'd Hands remove the Wretch's Woe,
And bid the Blood thro' purer Channels flow;
T' unbind contracted Nerves a Word prevails,
And with a Touch the Royal Magick heals. *Ex.*

Enter Iagello, follow'd by a Page.

Iag. What means this raging Fever in my Blood,
These hot Desires that hurry thro' my Veins?
Was it her Youth, her Beauty, or her Mien,
Her pleading Tears, or wond'rous Constancy?
All, all conspir'd—Whole *ELOISA* seiz'd me:
Confusion! shall such Weakness fool my Age,
And Love erect his Toyshop in my Heart?

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Pag. My Lord, *Guiscardo* sent your Highness this.
[gives a Letter.

Iag. The General burns impatient for my Daughter,
And sends me this to haste the promis'd Nuptials:
——How fares my lovely Captive!

Pag. Groaning extended on her Bed she lies,
And raves and stares, and starts in broken Slumbers.
Eugenia, who attends her, has inform'd me,
That weary'd with such mighty Gusts of Woe,
Nature enclines to Rest, and begs you wou'd defer
Until returning Reason's firmly settled,
Th' intended Visit——

Iag. Soon as these fashionable Tears are over,
This Widow Qualm, this Sorrow of a Day,
I'll visit her Affliction, and present her
For a dead Husband, with a living Lover——
Mean time what's here? [opening the Letter, reads.
Ha! Confusion! most insulting Man!
Furies and Hell! Is *Sigismunda* slighted?

[pauses, then reads again.

Is she so cheap, that he must barter for her,
And court her as a Proxy for *Perolto*,
The base, the vile, th' aspiring Slave *Perolto*?

[stops in a Rage, then reads more.

So—now 'tis plain why he rejects my Daughter:
Ha! does he dare raise his unhallow'd Eyes
To sacred Love, and God-like *Eloisa*?
Her Love? his Prince's great Prerogative.

Pag. O mighty Sir, be calm he comes.

Enter Guiscardo.

Iag. Ingrateful Man!

Have I deserv'd this Insolence from thee,
And dare you now affront me with your Presence?

Guisc. I own, I am unworthy of the Honour
Which you design'd me in your beauteous Daughter.
But pardon an involuntary Crime,
Since all my Heart's devoted to another.
Think, I have made a generous Confession,
When greatly I disdain'd t' avow a Flame,

But

But what's inspir'd by *Eloisa's* Eyes:
 All cou'd the tender *Sigismunda* brook
 The feeble Raptures of divided Love.

Iag. How cou'd I curse my Age, that e'er I stoop'd
 So vilely low, to such a Thing as thou art,
 Or point thee out a Husband for my Daughter!
 Shalt thou, an Insect cherish'd in my Sun-shine,
 Erect and unapall'd confront me thus,
 When thou'st propos'd *Perolto* for my Son?

Guisc. From whence proceeds, from whence this
 great Distinction,
 That in thy haughty Thoughts thus sets thee up,
 So far, so high above the Lords of *Genoa*?
 Sure thou forget'st a Senate can controul thee,
 Thou petty Tyrant! Temporary Prince!

Iag. Villain! Traytor!

Guisc. Yet I am calm; restore the Captive Lady,
 Else to the Senate I'll display thy Crimes,
 Thy base Imbezzlement of the publick Money,
 Thy Rapine, and thy many foul Oppressions.

Iag. Thou'rt so elated with a petty Conquest,
 Gain'd in the dark upon a Foe surpriz'd,
 And unprepar'd to meet thy Treachery;
 That thou, vain Man! wou'd'st grapple with my
 Pow'r,

And thro' the Husband's Blood enjoy his Wife.

Pag. This Language may produce some bad Effect,
 The Guards must prevent it——— [*aside, and exit.*]

Iag. Go——tell the Senate, that to them or thee
 I ne'er can deign to justify my Conduct:
 I'll follow still the Dictates of my Will,
 And give no other Reasons for my Actions;
 My Pow'r's my Law, my Sword its Executioner.

Guisc. Tyrant, I'll curb thy Lust of lawless Pow'r,
 That wou'd convert our State into a Monarchy.

Iag. Fly, shun my rising Wrath;
 Lest, like a mighty Whirl of sportive Air,
 I rend and dash thee to the Winds of Heav'n.

Guisc.

16 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

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 That wou'd convert our State into a Monarchy.

Iag. Fly, shun my rising Wrath;
 Left, like a mighty Whirl of sportive Air,
 I rend and dash thee to the Winds of Heav'n.

Guisc.

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Guisc. But that I scorn to tread thy Snuff of Life
I'd be th' avenging Minister of Heav'n, [out,
To rid rejoicing *Genoa* of a Monster.

Iag. Brav'd by my Slave! [draws.

Guisc. Put up thy Sword, old Man—Nay then—
[draws, fight.

Enter Page with Guards.

Pag. Rescue the Duke, fly, seize the Traytor.

[*They interpose, and seize Guiscardo's Sword.*

Iag. Enough——retire—— *Ex. Guards.*

Thou Wretch! thou'rt fall'n below my Vengeance
Nor can I deign to take thy abject Life: [now,
Yet think, my Scorn of thee, not Mercy spares thee.
Divested of thy Honours and Command,
Degraded, branded, stigmatiz'd a Traytor,
I turn thee hence an out-cast Vagabond.

Guisc. Thou shoud'st do more, or not have done
so much;

This haughty Lenity may cost thee dear:
Fool! thus to loose the Lion from thy Toils,
Which may return with double Rage, and rend thee.
[aside, and exit.

Enter Sigismunda.

Iag. How fares my *Sigismunda*? ha! in Tears?
Weep not for him, my Child, he was a Traytor,
A foul, base Traytor to thy Love, and me:
If yet his Image lives within thy Breast,
Raze out the curs'd Idea thence for ever.

Sig. You mean *Guiscardo*, Sir.

Iag. I do—that Ruffian who wou'd kill thy Father

Sig. O Heav'ns! Is't possible? but I always thought
him,

Ev'n when he was most high in your Esteem,
Haughty, Designing, Insolent, and Bloody.

Iag. Then wherefore swell these streaming Eyes
Sig. O *Honorio*! [with Grief?

Iag. Ha! *Honorio*!

Sig. Thus let me fall—thus prostrate on the Earth
Pour forth the Fulness of my Soul before you,

By

By th
By he
By L
Your
Your
With
Iag.
Who
By H
But th
Sig.
Who
Curse
Of ba
And d
Which
Consc
The d
Iag.
As th
Justly
Sig.
A gild
They'
Beac
But h
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Was n
Iag.
And k
Maint
And be

By the dear Mem'ry of my once lov'd Mother,
By her who's now more than a Mother to me;
By *Leonalta* I conjure you, pity me:
Your Daughter kneels, your *Sigismunda* kneels;
Your darling Child pleads for her Heroe's Life
With all the Eloquence of Groans and Tears.

Iag. No more, fond Girl! degenerate *Sigismunda*!
Who deigns to love mine, and thy Country's Foe;
By Heav'n! my Soul enclin'd to foolish Mercy,
But thy mean Passion wings thy Minion's Fate.

Sig. O! shall a Prince and People civiliz'd,
Who boast th' Inheritance of *Roman* Greatness,
Curse thus our Land with the detested Name
Of barbarous inhospitable Country?
And drown in Blood the Dictates of Humanity,
Which Heav'n with Conscience planted in our Breasts?
Conscience! the poignant Witness of our Actions,
The dire black Record of each guilty Deed.

Iag. Young Moralist!
As thou my Wrath, so he deserves his Fate——
Justly the Senate——

Sig. Yes, they've a specious Pretext for his Murder,
A gilded Reason for Barbarity:
They'd make his Life a Forfeit to the State,
Because he fled from hence when he was Prisoner:
But his ill Usage forc'd him to retreat.
Oft he assur'd you, he wou'd use his Interest
To make a Peace between our Rival Cities,
Ev'n in our *Genoa's* most declining Fortunes;
And only begg'd that your Consent might crown
A Love which grew insensibly betwixt us:
But the Return his kind Proposals met,
Was naught but Scorn, Insults, and Indignation.

Iag. Curb that licentious Tongue,
And know I will assert a Father's Right,
Maintain the strong Prerogative of Nature,
And bend thy Will, or raze thee from my Heart.

[Exit.

Sigis-

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Sigismunda sola.

O my *Honorio*! Is thy Death decreed?
And can't a Daughter's Intercession save thee?
One Soul informs us both, and if he falls,
I perish too with sympathetick Pains:
With my *Honorio* I cou'd relish Life,
Without him all its Joys are tasteless to me.

When the *Twin-Stars* at once their Light display,
They finile, and twinkle thro' the *Lacreal* Way:
Pleas'd with each other's Sight, serene they shine,
And gild the Night, and make the Skies benign:
But when one disappears, the other shews
In sickly Rays, he mourns *Fraternal* Woes,
Pines, droops, and with a fullen Lustre glows.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Private Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter Eugenia, follow'd by Astramont and Honorio.

Eug. This sudden Turn of unexpected Fortune,
I well perceive confounds you with Amazement:
With silent Wonder you appear bewilder'd,
Lost in a Maze of Thought, like wand'ring Trav'lers,
Whom nightly Streams of Fairy Light misguide.

Ast. I ask not for what End I'm hither brought,
Hurry'd thro' private Lanes, and darksome Allies,
And in a close Sedan convey'd from Prison,
Since still my Mind serene and calm can meet
The utmost Malice of that Chong'ling, Fortune,
Fantastick Deity of Fools and Madmen!
I never trust her Smiles, nor fear her Frowns.

Hon. We're but amused with vain Hopes of Life,
That when our Expectations run most high,
We may at once be cut off short unwarn'd:
But, know, no Pomp of Death can e'er alarm us,
Tho' cloath'd in all the Luxury of Terror.

Eug. You'll quickly entertain a kinder Thought
Of those whom Heav'n has made its Instruments

To

To free you from the Rage of hellish Cruelty :
If Love and Liberty be grateful to you,
Both with their smiling Train of Joys salute you.

Hon. Sure 'tis the baleful Dwelling of the Doge,
For here I've seen thee oft attend the Princess,
And chief in *Leonalta's* Train.

Eng. Then your Deliverance is no more a Mystery ;
That generous Princess looks with Detestation,
And strong Abhorrence on the cruel Nature
Of her inexorable Lord — a noble Pity
Melted her tender Breast with soft Compassion
At the hard Fate of such illustrious Youths ;
By Heav'n inspir'd : Industrious good :
She has corrupted all your Guards to save you.
No prying Bloodhound that pursues your Lives,
Will once suspect this Place your Sanctuary.

Hon. O wond'rous Pity ! unexampled Goodness !
Virtue, long banish'd, is restor'd to Earth,
And to her Breast, its brightest Shrine, retires.
But—whither wou'd my mighty Hopes transport me ?
My Eyes inverted gaze upon my Mind,
And there present my *Sigismunda* to me ;
My Fancy sees her thro' interior Opticks,
With all the blooming Beauties of the Maid :
Sure one intervening Wall can't part us—

Asl. A Beam of Hope now dawns upon my Soul,
And all that Storm that harrow'd up my Mind,
Dies in my Breast, and sinks into a Calm :
For hither was my Wife, my *Eloisa*
Convey'd, all pale and stupid in her Grief.

Eng. Consider well the Dangers that surround you,
That certain Death ensues on your Discovery ;
And check the Sallies of unguarded Love.

With you, my Lord, my Princess would in Private
[To *Aframont*.

Consult the Means to further your Escape,
While I conduct your Friend to yon close Chamber,
Where soon with equal Rapture and Surprise,
Shall he and ravish'd *Sigismunda* meet.

E

Hon.

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Hon. Thou art my Fate—I go where'er thou lead'st;
The Name of *Sigismunda* wings my Soul,
And drives me in a Tempest to her Arms.

[*Exit Honorio with Eugenia.*]

Aframont solus.

Late did I breath in subterranean Darkneſs,
While rankling Ruſt, and hard corroding Fetters
Blacken'd each Limb, and prey'd on ev'ry Joint:
But now——all big with Liberty and Love,
My boaſted Conſtancy has all forſook me——
Exulting Armies yet may hail their General:
Yes, mighty Engines ſoon ſhall rock theſe Walls,
While hoſtile Tow'rs, pregnant with Slaughtering, riſe,
And terrible in Air o'erlook theſe Spires——
But this important *Now* determines all.

Enter Leonalta.

Leo. You may, my Lord, with Juſtice ſeem ſurpriz'd
To find a generous Enemy in *Genoa*:

I give you Leave, illuſtrious Youth, t' imagine
The noble Motive that enclin'd my Soul
To ſeek your Freedom, and preſerve your Life.
When firſt I ſaw you *Venice's* Ambaſſador,
My Mind then propheſy'd your riſing Glories,
And pay'd a Veneration to your Vertue;
Th' Eſteem with which you then diſtinguiſh'd me,
Lives in my Breſt as permanent as Life.

Aſt. When thoſe bright Eyes thus deign to ſmile
upon me,

(Thoſe Eyes! which dart their Influence around,
And deal out Bleſſings like diſpenſing Heav'n)
When thus fair Lips pronounce my Life and Freedom,
Thus, proſtrate thus, as to Divinity,
I pay my Praise in ſilent Admiration.

[*kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*]

Leon. O Sounds! might charm a Wretch poſſeſt, to
Peace,
And ſooth the Dæmon raging in his Breſt! [*aſide.*]
Riſe my Lord——

Aſt.

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Asf. Life from thy Tongue comes with a smiling Grace;

But I should blush to hold it from the Mercy
Of *Iagello*, or th' imperious Senate.

Leon. Now, now's the mighty Crisis of my Fate,
Which trembles like the Needle to a Point. [*aside.*]

Yet——you'd accept of Life on any Terms,
When you reflect you live for *Eloisa*.

Asf. Ha! *Eloisa*? Nam'st thou *Eloisa*?

Leon. I did, and you seem to devour the Sound,
And start, and catch the Musick of her Name.

Asf. O! She's all Harmony, one perfect Symmetry,
Compleat as is the beauteous Frame of Nature,
In which no Discord jars the tuneful Spheres.

Leon. Cease, cease those wanton Sallies of your
Tongue;

Nor lavish forth those Raptures in the Praise
Of one who is no more——

Asf. Ha! say'st thou? O my prophetick Heart!

Leon. Now prove the Strength of an heroick Mind
In this sharp Tryal of afflicting Heav'n:
Thy *Eloisa* is——

Asf. Dead——'Tis done——

Leon. Tho' all the strongest Cordials were infus'd
Into her Clay-cold Lips, and gnashing Teeth,
The balmy Moisture cou'd not take Effect:
She foam'd, she star'd, she rowl'd her languid Eyes,
And in a straining Agony expir'd.

Asf. Start swelling Eyes from out your bloody Orbs;
Burst ev'ry Vein, and ev'ry Heart-string crack;
Assembled Fiends, bring your collected Fires,
Pour Lakes of livid Sulphur on this City,
And singe it from the Bosom of the Earth.

Leon. Alas! my Lord, the *Doge* will be alarm'd!

Asf. O greatly thought!

Come forth, O *Doge*, with all your bloody Senate,
Thy deadliest Foe takes Refuge in thy House—
With *Eloisa* Life was worth my Care;

But now, like desperate Gamesters, I'll play off

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The useless Toy at once, and urge my Ruin.

Leon. O hold——

How poor, how mean an Artifice I've us'd!
I find his Love so rooted in his Breast,
The bearded Arrow ne'er can be remov'd,
But Life must follow thro' the streaming Wound.

[*aside.*]

Pardon, my Lord, a Woman's Curiosity;
By too severe a Tryal I'm convinc'd
How perfect Man may love—Thy *Eloisa* lives—

Alf. In what have I betray'd so poor a Weakness,
That you believe I'm like a Bubble tost,
The Sport of Winds, which ev'ry Puff dilates,
And soon again disperses into nothing?

Leon. Then let your Eyes alone confirm the Truth;
Soon, at thy Presence, her reviving Charms
Shall break refulgent from the Gloom of Night,
As the grey Glories of the dawning Day.

Alf. With how much Ease am I inclin'd to credit
What most I'd wish? O Joy too great! I've been too
rash,

Too soon borne down by an impetuous Torrent—
Heav'n gave us Reason to controul our Passions,
And fix'd it as the Barrier of the Will;
Yet Man, vain Man! breaks o'er the golden Bounds,
And hoodwink'd rushes on a Sea of Trouble;
Then straight exclaims against a Providence,
Who ne'er would rest in its Determination.

Leon. Who waits?

Enter Eugenia.

My Lord, my Woman, my long try'd *Eugenia*
Shall straight conduct you to your lovely Bride;
She shall supply you with all Necessaries;

Command her as you please—Your Friend, mean
Is blest in tender *Sigismunda's* Care. [time]

Eug. O Heav'ns! What mean you, Madam?

[*aside to her.*]

Leon. No more, but haste, and do as I command;
No Woman sure, who dares to Death for Love,

Could

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Could with so generous a Resignation
Break thro' the Strugglings of a raging Passion :
O my *Eugenia*, I am strangely alter'd,
And grown a Profelyte to shining Virtue.
No loose Desires now hang about my Heart ;
The Mist's dispers'd, that clouded my weak Sight,
And white-rob'd Innocence, in genuine Charms,
Again takes Place, and drives away the Vapour.

[*aside to her.*

Farewel, my Lord, be sure I oft shall visit you,
And perish in th' Attempt, or give you Freedom.

Ast. Language is far too poor to speak my Thoughts,
And I can scarce find Utterance to thank you.
Yet, could I live till ev'n the Sun grew old,
Till *Æra's* cease, and Time cou'd be no more ;
I'd groan my Praise for this amazing Goodness,
Amidst the Carnage of a ruin'd World.

[*Ex. Ast. with Eug.*

Leonalta sola.

Methinks a Ray of bright Divinity
Darts from his Eyes, and plays around his Person,
How am I pleas'd to think I can oblige him !
The very Act is more than a Reward,
And Virtue-like still pays me with it self.
But oh !

Not all the Plagues that raptur'd Poets feign,
Of rowling Stones, and *Tantalizing* Pain ;
Of growing Livers, and the direful Wheel :
Not all the Pangs which Hell-rack'd Spirits feel ;
Nor all the Tortures of infernal *Jove*,
Equal the Anguish of despairing Love. [Exit.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *a private Chamber in the Palace. Back
Scene draws: Honorio and Sigismunda discover'd
sitting. They rise, and come to the Front of the Stage.*

HONORIO.

ALL-gracious Heav'n, I will repine no more;
Traytor *Spinoli*, I forgive thee now
My Loss of Fame, and ignominious Bonds:
In thee, my Fair, I grasp the orient Glories;
My Soul, so vastly rich in thy Possession,
Looks down on Thrones, and pities scepter'd Wretches.

Sig. My Heroe! my *Honorio*!

I swear, thy Tongue has practis'd Sorcery on me;
Yet do not boast thy Triumphs o'er a Maid,
Betray'd by too much Love to easy Conquest:
Nor think thy doating *Sigismunda* light,
Because she knew not with a Wanton's Wiles
To parly long, or keep thee at a Distance.

Hon. All the great Glories Earth or Sky display:
All that is fair! All that's divinely good,
Bless my charm'd Eyes in *Sigismunda's* Sight.
Woman! By Heav'n there's Musick in the Sound:
Man sadly walk'd Lord of the fair Creation,
Till Heav'n made Woman, to compleat his Bliss;
The last best Work, the Glory of the whole.

Sig. How has my Love stole like a Hectick Fever,
And prey'd insensibly on every Vital!
Each charming Accent feeds the lurking Poison:
'Tis here—'tis there—it roots in every Vein—

Hon. Then let us strive with noble Emulation,
Who better shall improve the generous Passion,

Till

Till each believes, that either loves the best.

Sig. Mine is arriv'd to such Excess of Fondness,
That like our Mid-land Sea it ne'er can rise
To higher Tides, nor ever, ever fall.

Hon. Since my Escape before the fatal Battel,
How has thy Father us'd thee?

Sig. He did design me for *Guiscardo's* Bride;
But being late ill treated by the General,
He happily soon chang'd his Resolution.
Yet——obstinate in your Death——my Pray'rs
were vain.

Alas! my Lord; your Life is still precarious,
And Love, and I, have many Fears——

Hon. Indulge no Thought that may distract thy
Peace;

I live by *Leonalta's* Favour——

Sig. Indeed she's Goodness all.

Hon. Come, let us rest us on each other's Bosom:
Speak with our Eyes, and gaze our Cares away.

Sig. Thou hast a noble Sister, my *Honorio*,
A Lover too like me, like me unhappy.

Hon. I have a Sister, and she's noble too:
She is, I think, another *Sigismunda*.
Sure, tho' I praise her with a Brother's Fondness,
I ne'er can flatter *Eloisa's* Virtues.
But——my Fairest——

I have a Thought now lab'ring in my Bosom,
On which my future Peace and Life depend——

Sig. Is there a Care that preys on that great Heart?
Is there a Joy which smiles on my *Honorio*,
And shall not each as equally affect me?
Must not I share the Burden of thy Woes?
Or raise thy Bliss to more exalted Transport,
When I partake its Influence?

Hon. O *Sigismunda*——but no more——tis
most extravagant——

Sig. Say, what devouring Care thus rends your
Breast?

I swear to calm thy wounded Mind to Peace,
I'd

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I'd wander thro' inhospitable Climes,
Thro' dreary Desarts, and remotest Shores:
I wou'd endure Vicissitudes of Ills,
Cold, Thirst, and all th' Inclemency of Heav'n.

Hon. But——can'st thou forsake
Thy Country, Kindred, pow'ful Friends, and Father?

Sig. What means my Lord?

Hon. Thou tender Maid, can'st thou abandon all,
And fly with me, fly in a Stranger's Arms,
To bless admiring *Venice* with thy Beauties?

Sig. O my Father!

Hon. Too plain I see thy Duty starves thy Love.

Sig. But—say, what Prospect have we to escape?

Hon. Thou must apply thy self to *Leonalta*;
Nor can I doubt the Princess' generous Aid.

Sig. Conclude it done——

Hon. Thus I imprint my Thanks on those dear Lips,
Those charming Oracles of Life and Freedom.

But—my brave Friend, and my afflicted Sister—

Sig. One common Fate shall now attend us all.

Hon. Be this th' important Night to crown our
Hopes.

Sig. Let busy Slander, and detracting Tongues
Censure my Fame——Malice can say but this——
A young unguarded Maid, o'erpow'r'd by Love,
Fled from her Country, and a wayward Father;
Blest in the dear Youth's Arms whom she ador'd.
But I must hence to plead a Lover's Cause,
And lay my Hopes at *Leonalta's* Feet.

Retire a while——in yon more dark Apartment:
Be silent and secure: Expect, my Lord,
But a short Intermision of my Love.

[*Honorio leads her out, and returns.*]

Hon. Descend, ye Shades, urge on the happy Hour:
Fly, fly, O Sun, upon the Wings of Love,
And let your rapid Car skip o'er the Day:
Then from my Covert, where obscure I lye,
I'll break triumphant to my fair One's Arms,
All deck'd resplendent with a Bridegroom's Lustre.

Thus

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Thus when the Evening Sun forsakes the Skies ;
The twinkling Beauties of the Glow-Worm rise :
The living Gem then shews it's native Spark,
Shines in the Gloom, and Triumphs in the Dark.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to another Private Chamber
in the Palace.

Back SCENE draws, and discovers Eloisa asleep on a
Bed, Astramont leaning by her.

Soft Musick.

Ast. For Ages thus, for ever cou'd I gaze,
And look away my Soul in silent Joy ———
[looking tenderly at her
What different Passions vary in her Looks,
And all with equal Grace prevail by Turns?
The strong Impressions of her waking Thoughts
Work on her Fancy in deluding Dreams,
And fill her Mind with feeble Images——
Now Red, now Pale, alternate paint her Face,
And form a beautiful Confusion there,
While wandring Blushes chequer every Charm ;
Ha ! now she Smiles ; all Heaven is in that Look !
She Smiles ; and with a real Rapture hugs
In pleasing Dreams imaginary *Astramont* :
Thus I receive and catch the dear Embrace ;

[embraces her.

Nor will be rival'd by a mental Phantom,
That wou'd usurp the Substance of thy Husband.
She wakes, she wakes, I must withdraw a little,
Lest I surprise her with excess of Joy. [retires aside.

Elo. Alas ! where am I ? where's my *Astramont* ?

[raising herself.

O sweet Illusion thou art fled for ever !
Indulge me, Heav'n, once more in such soft Slum-
Give me to Dye in the transporting Scene, [bers ;
Amidst the dear imaginary Bliss ;

Fug & yd bebuleb me Nor

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Nor wake for Misery and black Despair,

[rises in a Night Gown.]
Methought my murder'd Lord escap'd from Prison;
And bore me off, thro' dark, and dreary Ways;
'Till resting on a flow'ry verdant Mead,
We lay reclining on each other's Bosom;
While to the Murmurs of our Love, a Stream,
Most musically hoarse, remurmur'd back
Complaining Sounds and Sympathetick Sweetness.
There seem'd a waste of most luxuriant Landkips,
Romantick Scenes, and soft *Elisiums* round us.

Asf. The lovely Charmer comes ———

Elo. Thou Wretch!

And is it thus thou bear'st thy Husband's Death,
What thus to dream thy lazy Hours in Ease?
When *Aframont's* pale Shade now chides thy Stay.
Look down, look down, thou bright immortal Being,
For lo! I come, thy *Eloisa* comes,
Wing'd by her Grief, all Spirit to thy Love;
This shall supply all Instruments of Death,
This little, friendly, last Retreat of Sorrow.

[draws a Bodkin to stab herself, Aframont runs and prevents her.]

Asf. Hold, hold, my Life, my Soul,
Behold thy *Aframont* ———

Elo. O ye immortal Powers! *[sinks down.]*

Asf. O raise thy Eyes, recall thy fleeting Spirits,
And dart thee to the Bosom of thy Husband. —

Elo. O thou bright Shade, thou Spectre of my
[Husband, rising, and trembling at a Distance.]

Thou dear Remains, of my poor murder'd Lord;
Why dost thou fright me thus?

Asf. Expand thy Arms, prepare to meet thy Love;
[runs to her.]

And let me bear upon thee in a Torrent.

Elo. And dost thou Live? I tremble but to ask thee
As yet I know not but I grasp at Air,
And am deluded by a painted Phantom:

Sur

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Sure yet I dream!

Ast. I'll suck thy balmy Breath, devour thy Lips,
Feed on thy Charms, and every burning Kiss
Shall dart a Wramth thro' thy reviving Soul,
And tell thee that thy Husband Lives —

Elo. My *Astramont*! my Husband! [embrace.

Ast. My Wife! my *Eloisa*!

O Heav'nly Maid! To have thee thus —

Nay — but to think a Happiness so vast,
Is something more than Nature can support.

Elo. I have not Words, but thus I'll speak my
[Transport.

[embrace.

Ast. Sure thou wer't copy'd from some Angel's
And Chymick Nature has extracted all, [Form,
All the Perfections of the brightest Beings,
To make thy Charms transcendently refin'd.

Elo. Can I deserve this elevated Bliss?

Has *Genoa* or it's cruel *Duke* relented?

Answer at once — or oft' I'll interrupt thee,

Hang on thy Lips and make the Tale abortive.

Ast. No Thought but Love shall now usurp my
Hereafter I'll inform thee all — [Soul;

Elo. Tho' blest in the dear Circle of your Arms,
Officious Fear, still consequent of Danger,

Intrudes into my Breast, and haunts my Mind;

For oh! thou'rt compass'd round with barbarous Foes:

Lodg'd in a Den 'mongst bloody Savages.

Nay more — perhaps this little fatal Beauty

May tempt the *Doge*, as it has fir'd *Guiscardo* —

Oh then —

Ast. On Heav'n and *Leonalta* we'll rely
And cast all Fear and gloomy Care behind us;

Heav'n, that Delights in beauteous Works,

Has never meant thee long to be unhappy.

Elo. Sure thou'rt a Stranger to a Woman's Weak-
[ness?

Thy mighty Soul unstock'd looks down on Fear,

And sits like Fate, superior, and serene

Mid'st threatening Dangers, or the Frowns of Fortune. [tune.

Alf. No more, my Love, let us defer no longer,
For the Uncertainty of future Good,
The present smiling Opportunity.

They who reject a present State of Happiness,
For the poor Dread, the slavish Fear of worse,
Or the precarious Prospect of a better,
Cheated and fool'd err from the destin'd Mark,
Begger'd at length in Chase of chymick Gold.

Elo. Oh! I must own, tho' cover'd o're with Blushes,
The trifling Pleasures of my Virgin State
Were all insipid to the soft Chaste Raptures,
The mighty Blessings of Connubial Joy.

Alf. Let's haste, my Fair, to your retir'd Apart- [ment?

(Provided by the Princess for my Safety) —
How the Remembrance of last Night's Transports
Beats in each Pulse, and sets my Thoughts on Fire,
When in the Hurry of tumultuous Bliss,
The bloody Foe broke on our sleeping Camp.

Elo. I go, where Love and thy dear Safety calls,
Yet should Possession surfeit —

Alf. Could the first Pair cloy on the Sweets of Pa- [radise

Where milky Waves flow'd in Ambrosial Streams,
And all the Air breath'd Aromatick Incense?

Elo. Thou must forgive a foolish Woman's Fears,
Those Fears, which Spring from most unbounded [Fondness

Alf. Woman! thou choicest Blessing from above:
Thou Soul of Man! by whom we know we're Men.
'Tis thou inform'st our dull inactive Mass,
Quickens our Sense, and kindles us to Life;
All wing'd for Joy, I'll rush into thy Arms,
And lie entranc'd in most luxurious Charms;
Thro' mighty Rounds of circling Raptures rove,
Melt into Bliss, and give a Loose to Love.

[exunt
SCENE

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SCENE the Great Square.

Guiscardo Solus.

Spurn'd, and degraded! am I thus rewarded
For the long Labours of this tedious War?
This Morning Sun beheld me at the Head
Of Armies, flush'd with Slaughter——Now, curst
[Change!
I'm thrown aside, like some old shatter'd Arms,
To Rust in a dark Corner, unobserv'd.
But shall it be? By Heav'n, I'll be reveng'd——
What Success my Friend?

Enter Perolto.

Pe. According to your Orders, Sir, I rang'd
Your faithful Soldiers all beneath the Walls;
Then told them 'twas their Generals last Request
To lay his Truncheon down in publick View
Of all the Army——

Gui. I burn to know th' Event——

Pe. With artful Tears I mourn'd their Hero's Fate,
Recounted all your Battles, Seiges, Triumphs,
Then brought into their View the bloody Scene
Of last Night's Massacre——Ye Pow'rs, is't just,
[I cry'd,

That for some trifling Quarrel with the Duke,
That for the Spleen of one capricious Man,
Our Country thus shou'd lose it's great Protector,
And we our brave Commander?

Gui. My Mind foretells Success——

Pe. Hast thou not seen the Course of little Springs,
Which as they run, receive the fresh Alliance
Of other Streams, 'till in their farther Progress
They gather Strength, and swell into a Torrent;
So——feeble Murmurs, and imperfect Whispers
(The gloomy Prelude to a following Storm)
Crept thro' the Ranks, and stole by soft Degrees
From Man to Man, encreasing as they mov'd;
Loud, and more loud soon their Resentments grew,
'Till hurry'd by their Rage they all cry'd out

We'll

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We'll have no other General, but *Guiscardo*.

Gui. Thanks to their Zeal, but more to thee *Perolto*,
Whose Eloquence has prop'd my falling Glories —

Pe. I wonder much *Spinoli's* not return'd,
Whom you have sent to prepossess the Senate
Against the *Doge's* Interest —

Gui. O could we lure the Senate to our Side!
'Twould gild our Scheme, and make our Cause look
[Justice.]

Pe. My Lord he comes —
Some glorious Mischief low'rs upon his Brow —

Enter Spinoli.

Spi. May Tumults multiply, Dissensions rise;
And shock, like Earthquakes, this divided State!
Be these the Ladders to my great Ambition,
Be these the Means to enjoy my *Syngismunda* —
Guiscardo, *Doge*! 'Tis so — the Senate so decree'd —
I'll hail the Lustre of this rising Star,
And in two Factions join the Stronger still;
But curs'd *Perolto* bars my Way to Greatness —
And stands unrival'd in the Generals Friendship —

[Sees them.]

Ha! so near! on with thy Smiles again.

Gui. Thy Mind my Friend, swells with some big
[Idea.]
[Advancing towards him.]

And thro' a Chain of dark Futurity
Foresees Events, and weighs a Revolution.
How stand the Senate now affected?

Spi. This Paper, Sir, will best inform your Highness
[Gives a Paper, Guiscardo reads.]

Gui. Let me embrace my Friend, my best *Spinoli*!
Read here, *Perolto*, read this Paper sign'd
By the chief Senators —
By this, they all salute me *Doge* of *Genoa*,
By this, I am commission'd to depose
The Tyrant Straight.

Pe. The Army, all devoted to your Interest,
Will at your Nod confirm you in your Pow'r,

Sinc

The RIVAL GENERALS. 35

Since our just Cause receives the Senate's Sanction.

Spi. By that all pow'rful Shuice to Secrets, Gold,
I've late discover'd this Important one ;
The Princess *Leonalta*,
Doating to Madness on the noble Captive,
Has secretly convey'd him to her House ;
Where with his Friend he lies secure, unknown
To any, but a Servant of the Household,
Who was employ'd to bribe the Prison-Guards ;
Him I secur'd, and brought before the Senate ;
There boldly I accus'd the *Duke* of Treason,
And harbouring th' Enemies of the State :
The great Result of which you know already——

Gui. Thou great Arch-States-man !

Pe. Where is the Tyrant now ?

Spi. Supine, Inactive, Ignorant at Home,
He Dreams not of th' approaching Storm.

Gui. Our Business asks dispatch—— I'll to the
[Army——

Pe. I much suspect, before we can surprise him,
He'll be alarm'd, and will prepare against you
With his Militia, and *Lorenzo's* Troops.

Gui. If he dare meet my Force, be sure, *Spinoli*,
With a strong Guard to seize th' abandon'd Palace,
And there secure my Rival, and *Honorio*.

Spi. With the same Guards, by Heav'n I'll bear
[away

The beauteous *Eloisa* thence, and *Sygmunda*,
And give their glowing Beauties to your Arms.

Gui. I'll study to Reward my Friend.

Spi. Soon shall the rifl'd *Sygmunda's* Charms
Better Reward me—— [aside.

Gui. Now Fall, proud *Doge*, while I upon thy
[Ruins

Triumphant rise, and grow in Pow'r and Glory ;
Thus th' Order, and Variety of Nature
Is kept by a successive Flux of Matter ;
New Forms arise from a new Change of Things,
And Generation from Corruption Springs. [exunt.

SCENE

36 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Iagello, follow'd by a Page.

Ia. Confusion! The *Venetians* both escap'd!
The General, and curs'd *Honorio* fled,
To Rage again, like Epidemick Plagues,
And spread an universal Ruin round!

Pa. This fated Hour they were to die——

Ia. But the base Poyson of corrupting Gold
Tainted the sordid Souls of all their Guards——

Pa. The Slaves have fled, and 'scap'd your Ven-
[geance too;

So that no clear Discovery can be made——

Ia. But here my Soldier, my *Lorenzo* comes,
He may inform——

Enter Lorenzo in Hast.

Lor. O mighty Sir! Destruction hovers round you!
Treason and Death lye lurking in your Palace:
The Senate, People, and tumultuous Army
Join with provok'd *Guiscardo* in your Ruin.

Iag. Furies! and Hell!

Lor. Th' audacious Senate met without your Sum-
And have resolv'd t' elect *Guiscardo*, *Doge*: [mons,
That smooth-tongu'd Sycophant, that fawning Tray-
Spinoli, with one curs'd pathetick Speech, [tor,
Has lur'd, and sooth'd them to *Guiscardo*'s Interest;
Urging the great Misconduct of your Government,
And your disgracing *Genoa*'s Deliverer.
While the same Time, and with the same Success,
Perolto drew out the victorious Army,
And fir'd with Tears the dull, unthinking Herd,
T' assert their General's Cause, revenge his Wrongs,
Proclaim him *Doge*, and lay your House in Ashes:
I fear the gath'ring Storm will shortly break
In your Destruction, if not soon prevented.

Iag. Yes, let it break——By Heav'n I'll brave its
And stem the Torrent with intrepid Scorn. [Rage,
A Flint, provok'd, exerts its hidden Fires,
And truest Worth is known but in Distress:

See

The RIVAL GENERALS. 37

See that the Guards, with the domestick Troops,
Be ready to attend me——which join'd to yours,
Those independent Soldiers you command,
Now posted at the Northern Gate, will make
A brave Defence——

Lor. My Care for my illustrious Master's Safety
Anticipates his Commands——they're ready all,
And, rang'd beneath the Palace Walls, resound
Your echoing Name—With generous Acclamations
They cry, lead on to Victory, or Death.

Iag. Now let them come, those vain, presumptuous
That wou'd remove the hoary, pond'rous Alps, [Men,
Or shake the *Appennine's* eternal Basis,

Lor. Yet there is more, more strange important
Spinoli, by a Master-piece of Cunning, [News;
Assures the credulous discontented People,
You hold a Correspondence with the Foe,
And secretly betray our State to *Venice*:
That the *Venetian* Generals were releas'd
From their Imprisonment by your Commands,
And now in private lodg'd within your House.

Iag. Mean Artifice!

Pag. Yet the Report may not be groundless.

Iag. Say'st thou, Boy?

Pag. I've heard some secret Whispers in the Palace,
Between her Highness, and her Fav'rite Woman,
And oft the Name of *Astramont* was mention'd.
Besides, what strengthens my Suspicions more,
I saw the Princess *Sigismunda* enter
To Day, a secret and remote Apartment;
Led by my Curiosity, I listen'd,
And heard her hold long Conference with one,
Whose Voice tho' low, methought did much resemble
The Lord *Honorio's*——

Iag. It must be so——Yes——both my Wife and
Daughter

At once conspire my Ruine and Dishonour.
Run, fly, *Lorenzo*, seize the Slave *Honorio*;
Snatch, drag the Wretch from my abandon'd Daughter,

38 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

And plunge him into Darkneſs, till I find
A Vengeance worthy of him—— *Ex. Lorenzo.*
Ten Thouſand hisſing Scorpions ſting my Breſt;
My Rival's bleſſ'd in *Eloifa's* Arms;
Ev'n now perhaps they feaſt each raviſh'd Senſe,
Making my Houſe the Pander to their Pleaſures:
Conduct me to her Chamber——
There if I find th' Invader of her Heart,
He ſhall not live to triumph in my Fall;
Nor if I ſink beneath *Guiſcardo's* Arms,
Vex my pale Ghoſt, and riot o'er her Charms:
Attended, Monarch-like, to Death, in State
I'll go, and Thouſands ſhall my Exit wait,
In all the Pomp and Pageantry of Fate.

[Exeunt]

End of the Third A C T.



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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Astramont's private Apartment, Back Scene drawing discovers Astramont and Eloisa sitting.

ASTRAMONT.

THUS greatly lost to all the World beside,
 I find, my Fair, more than a World in thee.
 O! I could live industriously obscure,
 Forget the anxious Tumults of the Great,
 Their noisy State, their Pomp, and gilded Cares,
 Confin'd to some sequester'd soft Retreat,
 Where nought might discompose our lasting Peace,
 Our Innocence, and Purity of Love——
 I swear thy wond'rous Beauty charms me so,
 Thy ev'ry Grace, and most excelling Sweetness;
 That Glory burns but faint within my Breast:
 The Idol's vanish'd, that I once ador'd,
 And Love has now the Worship of my Soul.

Elo. Snatch me, O Heav'n! to some such blest Re-
 Where uncorrupted Nature smiles around; [tirement,
 Where we may drink the Silver Spring together,
 Rife the Flow'r of all their balmy Store,
 And feast on Fruit, and pluck the rip'ning Gold.
 There wou'd I wait, oft as the Sun declin'd,
 My Lord, returning from the *Sylvan Chase*,
 Unload his Shoulders of the savage Spoils,
 And clasp my panting Heroe in my Arms.

[*A Noise at the Door.*

But let us wake from out our Dreams of Joy,
 For a rude Noise alarms me at the Door:
 I fear we are discover'd——

[*Iagello within.*] Tear, burst it open.

Alf. 'Tis he, 'tis he, the barbarous Duke:

40 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Nay then we'll take one kind, one last Farewel,
And die together with a secret Joy,
To think we have employ'd to best Advantage
Love's precious Minutes, nor have liv'd in vain.

Elo. Alas! my dearest Lord!

Enter Iagello with Page and Guards.

Iag. By Hell, 'tis so, he's here—that lurking Wretch—
Ha! the Sorc'ers too! Confusion! loosely drest!
Fly, seize him, bind him with coercive Chains,
Skrew up each Limb, and stop the circling Blood,
'Till thro' the swelling Flesh it bursts a Passage.

[Guards bind Aframont.]

Elo. O bloody Man! Inhuman Slaves forbear,

Ast. Rid me at once, thou Tyrant, of my Life,
And boast that *Aframont* was fallen so low,
Thou couldst dispose his Fate—Heav'n, is it just?—
But why dare I expostulate with Heav'n,
Or finite Reason tax eternal Wisdom?

Iag. So—now you may retire— *[Exeunt Guards.]*
Prepare, thou Fugative, to meet a Death
Enob'd by my Hand——

Ast. Strike then, if thou dar'st approach me, strike;
Know, I'll not fall unworthy *Aframont*:
Danger and I've walk'd Hand in Hand together,
I oft have met it in the Front of Battel,
And fought the Monster 'midst the Shock of Armies.
Ha! do'st thou shake, old Man? recal thy Guards,
If thou can'st fear me bound, unarm'd, and single.

Iag. Then take thy Wish——

[Holds a Sword at his Breast, Eloisa stops him.]

Elo. O mighty Sir! let not his Rashness urge thee
To do a Deed will damn thy Fame for ever,
And write thy Name in blackest Infamy.

Iag. Away, thou Syren, that wou'd charm my Hand,
And fix my Sword suspended in the Air;
I will not hear the Witchcraft of thy Voice;
But deaf as Adders, killing as their Poison,
I'll sting him home, and riot in his Heart.

Elo.

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Elo. Thro' mine you first must force your bloody Way.

As. O fly, my Fairest, from his brutal Cruelty, I charge thee, fly, and leave me to my Fate, Lest I in yours suffer a double Death.

Elo. O most unkind! I cannot, will not leave thee— Our Joys and Dangers are reciprocal.

If we must fall, our gushing Hearts shall pour Their meeting Blood into one common Stream: Our Souls too, joining like contiguous Flames, Shall soar to Bliss, involv'd into each other.

Iag. Curse on her fatal Charms! they've caught me sure—

[He retires a little, and appears thoughtful.

Nor can I disengage my dotard Heart—— What if I kill him? then——I despair for ever— For she, true Woman! if the Crotchet moves, Forsooth may not survive her murder'd Husband; Not out of Love, but Spight, or Ostentation— What if I force her? Then—my Wife's alarm'd, And I shall grow more odious to the Senate—— Each Way I am distress'd——O that I cou'd By any Means but triumph o'er her Vertue; Like Children, who despise their once-lov'd Toy, I'd spurn the Bauble, grown familiar to me, Tir'd with its Use, and be my self again—— Ha! I have a Thought.

Elo. See——how he pauses, Pity works upon him, And now Remorse succeeds his ebbing Rage.

As. Wrong not the native Blackness of his Soul; An *Æthiop's* Skin admits no other Tincture.

Iag. What would'st thou do to save thy Husband's Life? [to Eloisa.

Elo. Propose the Means—I wou'd do any thing; I'd dare attempt Impossibilities; I'd strive to reconcile Antipathy, Force Nature, and work Miracles to save him.

As.

Elo.

42 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Ast. What, do you poorly barter for my Life?
Nay—and perhaps rashly set down your Honour,
To weigh against it in the adverse Scale.

I dare not live upon such vile Conditions:
Recal thy Promise—Strike thou Tyrant now,

[*To Iagello.*
While she's unsully'd in her whitest Innocence,

Iag. Say, wilt thou see [*to her.*
Thy Husband gasping in his dying Pangs,
Drown'd in his Blood, and with his closing Eyes,
And ghastly Looks, accusing thee of Murder,
Or quickly crown my ardent Hopes with Love.

Ast. Hell and Damnation! most salacious Monster!

Iag. Thee I regard not——Quick pronounce his
Doom, [*to her.*

Or straight resign thy Beauties to my Arms.

Elo. O cruel Man!

Dost thou not start at such a black Proposal?

Some Angel now instruct me thro' this Maze,

To save his Life, and yet preserve my Virtue!

Ast. Why dost thou pause, when thy bright
Fame's at Stake?

Heav'n! can thy Choice admit of any Doubt?

In thy Suspense the Plagues of all the Damn'd

Croud on my Soul, and Hell-rack all my Thoughts.

Iag. Dost thou resolve his Death?

Ast. Wait not her Answer, plunge it in my Breast;
She's more than guilty to delay so long,
Or make my Life the Price of her Dishonour.

Elo. O most detested! horrid Supposition!

My cruel Lord! Oh! how am I distress'd!

Thou can'st not live, nor I behold thee die——

O! for a Yawn of Earth, that I might fall

Deep as Earth's Centre from the hated Light——

Iag. Ha! dost thou trifle 'twixt my Love and
Vengeance——

Then thus I am determin'd—— [*holds up the Sword.*

Elo. O hold a Moment!

Euge-

The RIVAL GENERALS. 43

(*Eugenia within.*) Fly, fly my Princess, quickly
interpose

Betwixt your Heroe and immediate Death.

Iag. Death and Hell! no more I'll dally with thee—

[*As he is going to stab Astramont, enter Leon-
nalta: She runs to Eloisa, and aims a Dag-
ger at her Breast.*]

Leon. Inhuman Tyrant! stop thy bloody Hand,
Or this shall reach thy wretched Idol's Heart.

Iag. Ha! Trayt'refs art thou there? Curse on her
Intrusion! [*aside.*]

How dar'st thou lift thy bold and guilty Eyes
Upon thy injur'd Lord?

Leon. I greatly own I sav'd two noble Youths;
And thou shou'dst thank me that the Guilt of Blood,
Innocent Blood calls not for Vengeance on thee,
Nor swells the horrid Volume of thy Crimes.

Iag. Thou base Corruptress of my Daughter's Youth;
By Heav'n! you're both Confederates in my Ruin,
And jointly plot to save your Minions Lives:
Men who're proscib'd, and by our Laws condemn'd—
All *Genoa* by your Means is now in Arms,
Senate and Army join in our Destruction,
For harb'ring, as 'tis thought, my Country's Foes.
I thank you both, you more than Parricides:
But you, base Woman! love this proud *Venetian*,
Whom thus I give a Victim to my Wrongs——

[*going to stab him, she holds a Dagger at
Eloisa's Breast: He stops.*]

Leon. Then here I make as great a Sacrifice——

Iag. Touch not her sacred Life——

Ast. O mighty Princess, rather let me die——

Elo. O kill me sooner, end this wretched Being,
Which, set against his Life, is vile and worthless.

Leon. Ye noble Pair, I wou'd preserve you both:
O think 'tis with the utmost Detestation
I arm my self against this tender Breast:
Think with a Thousand Wounds I'd pierce my own,
Rather than hers, but strong Necessity

Com.

44 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Compels me to involuntary Cruelty,
And you must be each other's Pledge of Safety.

Ast. Thy Care for us is vain, most generous Wo-
For we must die, and we will die together. [man,
My *Eloisa*! now we're on the Verge,
The boundless Gulph of vast Eternity;
Then without Fear let's leap the Precipice
Of mortal Life, and put on Incorruption,
To join in Spirit, and seraphick Love.

Elo. O greatly thought! I pant for Immortality:
We're now prepar'd—quick strike the fatal Blow—

Iag. Die thou first——

[holds his Sword at Astramont, she does the
like to *Eloisa*.

Leon. Then see she quickly follows——

[offers, he stops.

Iag. Controul'd thus by a Woman! why does my
So much rebel against my bloody Heart? [Hand

Leon. Because her Death wou'd disappoint thy Lust:
For if that Thought alone withheld thee not,
Thou wou'd'st, all reeking in her Husband's Blood,
Rush to his Bed, and act thy damn'd Designs.

Iag. Boy, the Guards—— [to the Page.

Leon. Thou hellish Minister of Fate forbear;
Move not, or by my Rage this drinks her Blood.

Enter Lorenzo in Hast.

Lor. Hast, Sir, and arm your self—the Foe.
For as I watch'd upon the Palace Walls, [advances
I saw their painted Ensigns from afar,
Pregnant with Wind, and streaming in the Air.
They're now drawn up within that spacious Square
Close to the Market-Place, and soon will send
A Summons to submit without Conditions,
Or, if you won't surrender, storm the Palace.

Iag. Go, good *Lorenzo*, and prepare the Soldiers;
And let the Justice of their Cause inspire them
To act like Men, and conquer for their Prince,
On whose Success depends the Fate of *Genoa*.
Yet hold—take hence this Captive to the Vault,

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The RIVAL GENERALS. 45

Where thou hast laid *Honorio*——Guard them well,
And see that you secure the Palace-Gates,
Let none depart from hence, or enter in,
'Till I return——

[*Lorenzo going to seize Astramont, Leonalta
aims a Dagger at Eloisa.*]

Leon. Hold, on thy Life——

Iag. By Hell, I'll be obey'd in this,
I condescend too far to spare his Life,
And will secure him as her Hostage here :
Let that content your proud imperious Soul.

Ast. Farewel, my *Eloisa*——

Elo. Alas! my Lord! I fear for ever——

[*Exit Ast. with Loren.*]

Iag. What means this suddain Shiv'ring thro' my
Limbs?

Why chills my Blood, as if a Fiend had met me?
I'll on, in Scorn of all those fatal Omens;
And if I fall, tho' gasping in my Death,
By Heav'n, I'll curse you with my latest Breath.

[*Ex. Iagello.*]

Leon. He's gone, and something whispers to my
Thoughts,

I ne'er shall see my cruel Husband more :
Tho' much unkind, he was my Husband still.
Heav'n knows how much I grieve for his Misfortunes !
I pity and forgive his lawless Passion :
Thou tender Fair One, say, can'st thou forgive him ?
Or rather say, can'st thou forget the Violence,
The horrid Cruelty I practis'd on thee ?

Elo. Most generous Princess, 'tis not in thy Nature,
To wrong the Wretched, or oppress the Weak :
Thus humbly, thus let me express my Thanks,
For all thy wond'rous Friendship to my Lord ; [*kneels.*]
Thou Guardian Angel of his Life and mine.

Leon. Most gentle Maid, may my remaining Days
Be a long Complication of Misfortunes,
When I neglect the Charge assign'd by Heav'n,
Still to protect thy noble Lord and thee.

H

Enter

46 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Enter Sigismunda.

My *Sigismunda* here? Come to thy Mother's Arms,
For sure I Love thee with a Parent's Fondness,
Thou weep'st, my Child, for thy *Honorio's* Sufferings!

Sig. O I have Cause, eternal Cause for Fears!
Hard-hearted Father! O ill-fated Love!

How vain were all my Hopes of an Escape!
Fortune, how unsincere are all thy Gifts!
Our choicest Joys flow thro' a Cup of Gall,
And all the Sweet's dash'd with Allays of Bitter.

Leo. Behold thy Sister, Partner of thy Woes.

Sig. Ha! my *Honorio's* Sister! [*Embraces her.*]

Elo. Sure there is a Sympathy of Soul between us,
For at first Sight, thou claim'st my nearest Friendship;
Oft I have heard my Brother, thy *Honorio*,
Dwell on thy Praise, and wanton in thy Vertues.

Sig. And I as oft have heard thy mournful Story,
With Pity and Surprise I've heard it all,
Thy Constancy, and most disastrous Love,
When for three Moons in close Captivity,
Confin'd, you languish'd in *Guiscardo's* House;
In all our Fortunes we have much Resemblance,
And now methinks shou'd vow eternal Friendship,
T'assist each other in our mutual Woes.

Elo. O my Sister!

Let this Embrace confirm thee mine for ever,
I will complain to thee, and thou to me,
We'll sit together all the live-long Day,
Like cooing Turtles, brooding o'er our Grief,
Count Tear for Tear, and mingle Groan with Groan.

Leo. What means this Noise? this Bray of clash-
[ing Arms?]

[*Noise of fighting.*]

Spi. Within] Accept my Mercy, Slaves, and yield
[your Swords ———]

Enter Spinoli, and his Party driving in before him
Lorenzo, and a few of the Guards.

Lor. Oppress'd with Odds, and fainting with my
I can no more ——— [Wounds,
Let

The RIVAL GENERALS. 47

[*Lets fall his Sword, the rest do the like. The Ladies retire to a Corner of the Stage.*]

Spi. Some of you search the House to find the

[*Prisoners,*
The captive Generals who are here conceal'd.

[*Exeunt some Soldiers.*
What do I see; my Prey within the Toyls?

You *Pierre*, bear these Ladies to the Citadel,

[*Pointing to Sigismunda, and Eloisa.*
And on thy Life see they be nobly us'd,

And serv'd with the Respect their Birth demands—

Sig. Villain *Spinoli*. [*The Ladies are carry'd off.*

Leo. What means this outrage Traytor?

Spi. I have not Time to justify the Deed;
But thank the Clemency of great *Guiscardo*,

You're safe, and free, and I have now my Ends—

You may command still your remaining Guards

For the Protection of your House and Person —

Leo. Most execrable Traytor!

Re-enter Soldiers.

Sold. My Lord, in Vain we've search'd the Palace

[*round.*

Spi. Slave, I recall the Mercy I have giv'n,
If you disclose not — [To *Lor.*

Leo. Hold, you vain Wretch, the Prisoners are

[*escap'd,*

And laugh at all your idle Vengeance now.

Spi. Wither'd be the Hand that gave them Free-

[*dom—*

But I must hence — *Guiscardo* wants my Aid —

[*Ex. cum suis.*

Leo. My Statagems have yet preserv'd my *Astra-*

O Lorenzo! [mont.

Ha'st thou heard ought of thy unhappy Master?

Lor. Madam, he now is ready to engage,

And marches from the Northern Gate to meet

The new Usurper—

Leo. May Heav'n preserve him! Thou bleed'st.

H 2

Lor. I

48 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Lor. I wou'd have empty'd all my Veins to serve
And dy'd in the young Princesses Defence; [you,
But overpower'd my Soldiers most were kill'd
At first, too few to oppose *Spinoli's* Storm.

Now will I haste,
If my weak Limbs have Pow'r to my Will,
T'inform you of the Fortune of my Lord.

Leo And if he Falls ———
(Which O ye Pow'rs avert!)
Return, and here receive my last Commands.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Great Square.*

Enter *Guiscardo*, *Perolto*, *Spinoli*, at the Head of
their Soldiers.

Gui. You've made a brave Dispatch my worthy
[Friend.
[To *Spinoli*.

Spi. I've storm'd the Palace without much Re-
And carry'd off the Princess *Sigismunda* [sistance,
With the Fair Captive to the Citadel :

I made in vain the strictest Search to find
The noble Prisoners ——— But was there inform'd
By *Leonalta's* Means they have escap'd ———

The furious *Doge* had late retir'd from thence,
And with the Guards, and independent Troops,
March'd to the *Notbern* Gate ——— there he has joyn'd
All the Train'd-Bands, and Hourly gathers Strength.

[*Shout within.*]

Per. What mean these Shouts ?

Spi. By these exulting Clamours of his Soldiers,
The Tyrant sure is near ———

Gui. Now, now my Friends, revenge your Coun-
[try's Wrongs,
Chastise Ambition and assert our Liberty ;
At length the Time is come, when you shall free
Our groaning State from a despotick Power.

Omn. Liberty, and *Guiscardo*.

Enter

The RIVAL GENERALS. 49

Enter Iagello, and his Party.

Iag. Where are those bold, those vain rebellious
[Men,
That dare dispute their great Dictator's Pow'r?
Where's their Commander now, that pageant Prince,
Drest in my Robes, and in usurping Glory?
Now let him try with me who best deserves
The golden Reins of Government — Fall on —

[*To his Soldiers.*

Gui. O hold ye blind, ye most mistaken Men;
That wou'd support the Interest of a Tyrant;
Quit, timely quit his tottering guilty Cause;
Which else will crush you all beneath its Ruin.

Iag. Base dastard Traytor, now thou art unworthy,
To rival me, or to succeed in Pow'r;
Thou art unequal to the glorious Task,
That poorly wou'd seduce my Soldiers from me;
When by the great Decision of the Sword,
Thou should'st have fought it out, and thro' my
[Blood
Climb to the Eminence from whence thou'dst thrown
[me.

Gui. Mark, mark, my Country-Men, how he
[wou'd lavish
The Blood of *Genoa* to grace his Death:
Then cease fond Men to fight this Monster's Battles,
And joyn with me, joyn in your Country's Cause:
Accept the Senate's Mercy, and my Favour.

Iag. Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! now my gallant
[Friends.

[*His Soldiers all desert and go over to Guiscardo,*
O groveling Slaves! dare you forsake your Prince?
Nor court a glorious Fate, and fall with me?
Who dies with me, from Death shall rise immortal,
When his vile Blood, springing from honest Wounds,
Shall flow enrich'd with my imperial Crimson;
But fly, ye dastard Herd, material Souls,
All crusted o'er with base plebeian Clay;

For

50 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

For still this true this faithful Friend remains,
 [Holds up his Sword.
 While I have Life, and this, I will oppose you;
 And after Death in ghastly Majesty
 My awful Wounds shall mouth Defiance at you.

Gui. Base as thou art, thou shalt not fall inglorious,
 Nor die by a less Hand than mine — [fight, *Doge falls.*
 To *Leonalta* straight convey the Body :

[Soldiers carry off *Iagello.*
 And let a Guard attend me to the Senate,
 Where I will justify my Actions to them.
 Be it your Care, *Perolto*, in my Absence,
 To keep the busy Town from all Commotions.
Spinoli, to your Care I give the Citadel,
 With the important Charge of the fair Prisoners.

The ambitious Man deserves a noble Fate.
 Who to be happy, bravely dares be great :
 The Gods from Heav'n their drooping Monarch
 [drowe,
 When *Saturn* Nods, the World requires a *Jove.*
 [Ex. *Omnes.*

SCENE the Palace.

Enter Lorenzo, Astramont, and Honorio.

Lor. Accept the Freedom *Leonalta* gives you :
 Revenge her Lord : Revenge my murder'd Master :
 Haste and Pursue the execrable Ravishers :
 Rescue from *Russians* Hands your *Eloisa* ; [To *Astra.*
 Chastise the Wrongs of God-like *Sigismunda* : [To *Ho.*
 Your captive Soldiers all shall be releas'd,
 Full fifteen hundred, now confin'd in Dungeons;
 Our Stores shall straight supply you all with Arms.

Astr. This Whirl of Fortune fills me with Amazement.

Lor. Fatally true is all the dreadful Story.
 Pardon me, sacred Shade of my great Master,
 That thus I disobey thy last Commands :
 But soon thy well-pleas'd Ghost shall smile Revenge,
 By

The RIVAL GENERALS. 51

By giving Freedom to these generous Foes.

Hon. My Sister gone ! my *Sigismunda* too ! ———

Sure Conquest shall attend a Cause so just,
And swift Perdition overtake their Crimes,
Who've done so rude a Violence to Beauty.

Astr. When the base *Trojan* seiz'd his *Spartan*
[Prize,

And languish'd o'er her with adult'rous Eyes :
An injur'd Husband punish'd Guilty *Troy*,
And wrath Divine o'ertook th' ingrateful Boy :
Proud *Ilium's* Domes were humbl'd to the Dust,
And felt the Vengeance due to lawless Dust :
A while the Meteor Triumph'd in its Pride :
But soon the short liv'd Exhalation dy'd :
For *Greece* had Heav'n, and Justice on it's Side. }

Exeunt.

End of the Four A C T.



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE before the Citadel.

SPINOLI Solus.

A Wild Confusion Reigns thro' all the City;
Mechanicks now turn Statesmen, and the Rab-
[ble

Prick up their Ears for News, and bawl Sedition:
But how more strong's the Tumult in my Breast,
Than the Convulsions of a Revolution?

O *Sigismunda*! Damnation! — do I whine?

A Politican dwindled to a Coxcomb!

And for a puling Girl? when all the Sex

Were meant the Slaves, and Vassals of Man's
[Pleasure,

By Heav'n! I'll enter these devoted Walls,
Assign'd to my Protection by *Guiscardo*,
There act a Deed, 'till Hell ev'n stand aghast,
And Fiends, and Devils Wonder at my Daring. [Ex.

SCENE changes to a Private Chamber in
in Citadel.

Re-enter Spinoli.

Thus far 'tis well — Her Women are remov'd
With *Eloisa*, to remote Apartments —

Vain Fool *Perolto*! Where's thy Goddess now?

First will I rife *Sigismunda*'s Charms:

Then murder thee, thou Rival of my Greatness;
Sure of Impunity in these Distractions —

Ha! there she sits, the beauteous *Sorcerefs* sits.

[Pointing to an inner Room.

But now! what Means this sudden Qualm within,
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The RIVAL GENERALS. 53

That comes across my Lust, and damps my Hopes?
How her majestick Eyes like Lightning pierce me,
Give me a Sense of Sin, and thaw my Blood!
Why do I tremble thus! hence, vain Chimæra——
Since I am plung'd in Streams of Guilt—— I'll on,
Resolv'd to drown, or pass the *Rubicon*. [Ex.

Sig. *within*. Help, O help!——Monstrous Villain,
Ravisher——

Heav'n! Heav'n! protect me——

SCENE *changes to the Great Square.*

*Enter Aframont and Honorio, with their Soldiers,
Drums and Trumpets.*

Afr. Ye brave Remainder of my gallant Friends,
Now, now revenge your slaughter'd Fellow-Soldiers.
'Tis giv'n you to assert your Country's Cause,
And wade to Conquest thro' a Sea of Blood.
Think, I've releas'd you from inglorious Chains,
With a full Purpose never to return,
'Till *Venice* sees us come triumphant home,
While Conquest smiles on our victorious Eagles.
O'm Conquest or Death.

Hon. Reflect on *Remo*, or th'ensanguin'd *Var*,
Which swell'd its Waves with hostile Blood, and ran,
In glorious Pomp, all Purple to the Main.
Let not their Numbers, or last Night's blind Conquest,
Gain'd by Surprise, by Treachery, and *Spinoli*,
Abate your generous Zeal for Liberty;
'Tis Heav'n alone disposes of Success,
And human Force and Multitudes are vain
Against Omnipotence—— [Exeunt. Alarm.

*Enter Guiscardo, Perolto, Pierre, with their Swords
drawn.*

Guisc. Confusion! we are all surpriz'd, betray'd,
And all my Glories wither'd in a Day——
The Captive Generals in Arms again!
Springing like *Hydra's*! Riddles, and Death!

Per. Th' imprison'd Soldiers, by *Lorenzo's* Means,
Are all releas'd, and arm'd from th' Arsenal.

I

Guisc.

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Guisc. I met our Men, secure of further Fears,
Dissolv'd in Wine, dispers'd in Stews and Brothels—
Scarce half their Number now are fit for Action.

[*Shout within.*

These clam'rous Shouts tell us, the conqu'ring Foes
Drive like a Torrent on our sinking Troops:
Haste, fly *Perolto*, and sustain them—

[*Exit Perolto.*

Ha! I've a Thought may yet retrieve the Day!
Wing hence, you *Pierre*, to the Citadel,
And bring the Captive *Eloisa* hither—
This Signet gives you Entrance.

[*Ex. severally, Drums and Trumpets for some Time within.*

Re-enter Astramont and Honorio, with their Party.
Guiscardo, Perolto, and Soldiers, retiring.

Ast. Where's this new Prince? this mighty Man
of War?

Let him advance: We're now on equal Terms;
He does not now surprize a sleeping Camp:
Why does the Boaster fly a glorious Fate,
And shun my Sword amidst a dastard Herd?

Guisc. Damn'd, damn'd *Pierre*! Curse on the loy-
tering Slave!

By Hell, he comes!

Enter Pierre with Eloisa trembling and weeping.

Ast. My *Eloisa*!

Elo. My *Astramont*!

Guisc. Thou Wretch! behold thy Minion in my
Pow'r;

Proceed no further—but forego thy Conquest—
Else her warm Soul smokes on this reeking Blade—

Ast. Thou canst not be so black, so base a Monster.

Guisc. Command thy Soldiers to retire—

Or this Moment— [holds his Sword at her Breast.

Hon. Consummate Villain!

Ast. Oh! Hold, thou bloody Man!

Elo. My dearest Lord! let my last dying Breath
Conjure you not to trust this Traytor's Faith;

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The RIVAL GENERALS. 55

Nor e'er betray the Honour of your Country
For this poor worthless Life——O let me die;
Rather than be the Prey of brutal Lust.

Guisc. Quickly resolve——

Elo. My *Aframont*, we long in vain have struggl'd
With mighty Woes, nor can we ward them all;
Then let him strike, and save thy wav'ring Glory.

Ast. If yet thy Breast glows with one generous
Thought;

If thou dar'st rival me in Love and Glory:
If thou can'st fear that Thunder from on high
May bolt thee dead for such a horrid Crime;
If thou art brave, accept a brave Proposal:
Let us command our Men on either Side
Straight to retire to an appointed Distance;
Then let us meet, and in each Army's View,
Dispute our Right for such a Heav'n of Virtue,
While our Swords act the Influence of her Eyes.

Guisc. I cou'd embrace thee for the glorious Thought!
Long has my Sword thirsted to drain thy Blood;
I know you're brave, and that you'll do me Reason.

Ast. This unexpected Answer has surpriz'd me;
Now cou'd I wish we met on better Terms.

Guisc. Two Infinites thou know'st are inconsistent:
One Pow'r supreme must rule the Universe;
Retire, my Friends, *Perolto* lead them off;
And, if I fall, secure the Citadel,
Thither you may retreat.

[Both Armies retire off the Stage severally.

Ast. Now let us meet;
Like clashing Clouds driv'n by impetuous Storms,
With Sulphur pregnant, and with Thunder charg'd.

Elo. O Heav'n's preserve my Lord. [Kneels.

Guisc. No more, for Love and Glory.

Ast. For *Eloisa*.

[They fight; *Guiscardo* falls; *Aframont*
and *Eloisa* embrace.

Guisc. I thank you, Heav'n, are those my promis'd
Joys?

56 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

What? thus to fall inglorious for a Woman?
That Toy, that Moppet, empty, worthless Nothing—
That Bubble fill'd with Vanity, and—— [Dies.

Alf. Once more thou'rt mine, and I'll insure thee
so——

Nor Chance, nor Destiny shall part us more.

Elo. Methinks we're landed on a peaceful Coast,
And now look back with Wonder on the Storms,
The raging Surges, and the Gulphs of Ruin
We've lately pass'd——Heav'n sure has given us
A certain Clue to guide us thro' the Dangers,
The dreadful various Dangers of this Day.

Alf. How are the *Doge*, and that imperious Man
Together fall'n! while both at once conspir'd,
With black Designs t' invade our Lives and Love:
Both by a Turn of Providence have perish'd,
And each the Instrument of either's Ruin.

Enter an Officer.

Offic. By me, Great Sir, the Lord *Honorio*
Hails your Success, and sends me to inform you,
He heads Eight Hundred chosen Men to storm
The Citadel, to which the Foe retir'd.
He wou'd, with the Remainder you'd surround,
And straight surprize the Senate now assembl'd,
Before some new-raisd Forces cut us off:
You may impose what Terms you please upon them,
Secure at once a safe Retreat to *Venice*,
And crown the Labours of the glorious Day.

Alf. This setting Sun shan't reach this destin'd West,
E'er I compleat the Triumphs of my Arms——
Convey that dreadful Object hence——

Enter Soldiers, who carry off the Body.

What means that sable Pomp of Grief?

*Enter Leonalta and Eugenia in Mourning, following the
Doge's Hearse.*

Thou beauteous Mourner, stop a Moment here,
And let me pay my Tribute to thy Woes;
For when thou weep'st, the World shou'd sympathize,
And all relenting Nature put on Mourning.

Leon.

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Leon. Farewel, for ever, most illustrious Man,
Live, and be happy in thy Fair One's Arms;
While I retire for ever from the World:
The short Remainder of my gloomy Days
To Heav'n and Pray'r I have devoted all,
'Mongst the Society of cloyster'd Virgins;
(The peaceful, sad Retreat of Misery)
I bid the World and Vanity adieu,
To weep my Crimes, and mourn my murder'd Lord;
And never, never cease to importune
Th' Eternal Pow'rs above for thy Success.

Ast. Heav'n ne'er exacts such strict Severity
From thee, from thee, who least of all its Works
Did e'er offend the Majesty supreme:
Let not thy Beauty wither in its Bloom,
The brightest Emblem of divine Perfection.
By Heav'n! my Sword shall hue thee out a Throne;
Adoring *Europe* at thy Nod shall shake,
And wonder at the Awe of Female Majesty.
O! cou'd I make thee Mistress of the World,
I'd lay the mighty Scepter at thy Feet,
And crown thee straight with universal Sway!
A poor Return for all thy wond'rous Goodness,
For Life, for Conquest, Liberty, and Love.

Leon. Alas! I'm cold and dead to all Ambition,
And aim alone at an immortal Crown:
All the Return I ever shall expect,
Is, now and then, if e'er you think on me,
To drop one pitying Tear, and sighing say,
I owe this Tribute to the Memory
Of the poor, lost, unhappy *Leonalta*——
Pardon me, Heav'n, if my frail Heart as yet
Is not entirely wean'd from Love and him!
But oh!——

He ne'er shall know the Weakness of my Soul,
And from this Moment I will strive to make it
A grateful Off'ring to the Throne of Grace. [*Ast.*

Ast. Are then those Charms for ever doom'd to
shine

Amidst

58 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Amidst the dreadful Gloom of Vaults and Cells,
And only gild the awful Horrors there?

No——thou wert born to Courts and Majesty,
To deal out Fate with those commanding Eyes,
And on a Throne refulgent blaze to Heav'n.

Elo. Most noble Princess, timely be advis'd.

As. Yet stay——

Leon. Alas! 'Tis all in vain——

O! with what greedy Ears I drink his Praise!
How my Blood mounts into my burning Cheeks,
To think that I must leave him!—Guilty Thought!
The Quailm is over——Heav'n's again in View.

[*Aside.*

As. If we must part——O! shall I say for ever?
Receive the Fulness of a grateful Heart——

Elo. Let me too sadly share this parting Scene.

[*Both embrace her tenderly.*

Leon. Thou tender happy Maid, farewell.

As. For ever?

Leon. O! for ever——

Come now, thou gen'rous Partner of my Sorrows,
To Silence, Peace, to Abstinence, and Pray'r.——

[*To Eugenia.*

This Sigh——and then no more——thank Heav'n!
his part——

When lab'ring in the last convulsive Strife,
The parting Soul hangs on the Verge of Life;
Feebly a while with its informing Heat
The Blood moves slow, and lazy Pulses beat:
Just on the Wing, yet fearful to depart,
She heaves the Breast, and loyers round the Heart!
'Till impotent to rowl the Balls of Sight,
In Groans she takes her everlasting Flight.

[*Ex. Leon. and Eug.*

As. Transcendant Woman!

Elo. Extravagantly Great!

As. Come now, my Fair,
(For we must part no more)
To make Conditions for our safe Return.

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The RIVAL GENERALS. 69

Danger, and War have smooch'd their rugged Brow;
Nought of the raging Tempest now remains;
But the faint Murmurs of expiring Winds. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, the Citadel.

SCENE draws, and discovers Sigismunda lying on a Bed, with her Head cover'd, Spinoli comes from her to the Front of the Stage.

Spi. I thought I fear'd my Conscience black with
Yet still the Rebel shakes my guilty Soul: *[Sighs]*
Methinks I raise, as if some Fiend from Hell,
An universal Horror with my Sight.
Fain wou'd I shun my self—Oh! I'm distracted,
To see yon stately Trophy of my Lust,
Why stalks yon pale, and ghastly Spectre round me?
Hark, *Spinoli!* Yes, it scream'd *Spinoli*—
Hence, thou infernal Harbinger—avaunt—
Furies! where am I? *Ha! Perolto!*

Enter Perolto.

Per. Well may'st thou start, thou most abandon'd
Villain,

To meet the Man thou hast so basely injur'd;
Thou Dastard, Coward, Traytor, Ravisher;
That durst with impious Hands pollute Divinity.
Soon as I enter'd, *Sigismunda's* Women
Met me with big-swoln Eyes, and outstretch'd Arms,
Imploring Justice upon thee, thou Monster,
That cou'd defile their violated Princess:
Draw, sacrilegious Wretch— *[draws.]*

Spi. Art thou turn'd Bravo, Fool, and wilt thou
fight

For that imaginary Toy, a Woman's Honour?
Romantick Slave, this shall chastise thy Rashness,
This probes thy Heart—Ha! have I stung thee? *[They fight.]*

[Wounds Perolto.]

Per. Still have I Life enough thus to repay thee:
This, this, and this, my *Sigismunda* sends thee—

[Wounds Spinoli, who falls.]

These

60 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

These are thy Passports to eternal Darkness.

Spi. Curse on thy Hand, thou'st robb'd me of my
Amidst a Load of unrepented Crimes. [Life,

Per. Say, art thou doubly damn'd? O! hast thou
murder'd [Falling.

The Goddess of that Temple thou prophan'd?

Spi. Disturb me not——

Is it consistent with eternal Justice,

For momentary Sins to make Offenders

Endure a Round of never-ending Tortures?

But——now Repentance is unworthy of me;

And my black Thoughts, more pungent than thy
Sword,

Repierce my Heart, and point out endless Horror--

[Dies.

Per. She lives, and moves——thus crawling I'll
approach her.

O *Sigismunda*! ruin'd Innocence,
Unfold thy Eyes, look down upon a Wretch——

Sig. Leave me——No more I'm *Sigismunda*.——
O! let me blush alone——thus brood on Misery,
And sigh my poor polluted Soul away.

Per. Behold the Traytor, fall'n by my Sword;
Then look on me—and view this springing Wound:
Behold my Soul just bubb'ling at the Passage;
Then bless me e'er I die——one Pray'r from thee
Ensures my Pardon——But—O Heav'n——[Dies.

Sig. Triumphant Death, and Horror reign around;
[Rising.

And this dire Scene salutes my Misery.
Oh! I must ever rank among the vilest,
While spotless Virgins start at my foul Name,
And blush to read the Page that holds my Wrongs.
What have I done, O Heav'n! that I'm thy Outcast,
A mighty Pile of Infamy and Shame?
My whitest Honour fully'd by a Russian!
'Tis Death, the silent Refuge of th' Unhappy,
Must end this Chaos of Distraction here——
Ha! I remember, in that dreadful Chamber,

I saw

The RIVAL GENERALS. 61

I saw *Spinoli* ——— Horror on the Name ———
Prepare a Cup of Poison for *Perolto* ———
At last 'tis done ——— [Ex.]

Enter Honorio with an Officer.

Hon. The bloody Business of the Day is over,
At length I've gain'd this long contested Place;
See a strong Guard be set at either Gate:
The General quickly will be here. [Exit Officer.]

What mean these Swords? Ha! *Spinoli* dead!
And there *Perolto* ——— Heav'n preserve my Love —
Sure to this Place of Terror she was brought.

[*Sigismunda groans within.*
I'll seek her farther ——— hark! whence came that
Groan ———

That deep fetch'd Sigh? ——— Sure 'tis the Voice
of Fate,
That calls me, to chase Horror to its Dwelling. [Ex.]

[Bodies carry'd off.]

SCENE changes to another Chamber.

Enter Sigismunda.

Sig. What Voice more charming than expiring
Calls *Sigismunda*? [Swans,
Enter Honorio.

O my *Honorio*!
Hon. 'Tis she — 'tis she — 'tis lovely *Sigismunda* —
O Heav'n she Faints! recall thy wandering Beauties,

[Faints, he supports her.
Let thy Cheeks mantle with reviving Charms,
And thy Eyes meet this unexpected Transport.]

Sig. Ah poor *Honorio*! Ruin'd *Sigismunda*!
[Breaks from him.]

Hon. Why does the lovely Mourner shun me thus?
What mean these broken Sighs, these Starts, these
Tears?

Perhaps *Spinoli* ——— The Pains of Hell are on me —

Sig. Shun me, my Lord, as thou wou'd'st certain
The Crocodile, or *Africk's* dreadful Brood; [Fate,
The

62 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

The Air I breath is Pestelential all——
O Spinoli—— but all Words are Poor,
 To paint the Villain in his native Black;
 My Groans, my Tears, my Sighs will spare my
 And better tell the Monster's Cruelty. [Blushes,

Ho. Unhappy Maid! *O Villain! Villain!*

Sig. His Crime is well Rewarded—he and *Perolto*
 Fought, and both perish'd by each other's Sword.

Hon. Restore him Hell, give him to Light again:
 Open, infernal Gulph of central Fire,
 Send him in Whirl-winds thro' the black Abyss,
 That I may tear, and gore the roaring Fiend;
 Till chatt'ring with his Pains, he groans, and howls
 To be dismiss'd again to torturing Devils,
 Rather than bear my more than Hell of Vengeance—
 Yet—dry those Tears, and calm thy Mind to Peace;
 Come to my Heart; there hide thee and thy Wrongs;
 There's no *Spinoli* on those Balmy Lips;
 Thy Breath's more sweet than Aromatick Odours,
 Or Eastern Incense blown in Spicy Gales.

Sig. *O!* I am black as Night: foul as Pollution:

Ho. Thou'rt more than Angel in a Woman's Form;
 Thy Soul's as pure, as are the Minds of Prophets,
 Charm'd with the Inspiration of their God:
 Choirs of exulting Angels hail'd your Birth,
 And when the Babe was first disclos'd to light,
 Heav'n smil'd, and own'd the Master-piece Divine.

Sig. *O* generous Youth! and woud'st thou then
 receive me,

Stain'd as I am, receive me to thy Bosom?

Hon. Tho' all this mighty Waste, this Heav'n of
 Charms

Was purpl'd o'er with Blains, and crusted Leprosy;
 By Heav'n, my Heart shou'd hold thee dear as ever.

Sig. Sure thou art kinder than forgiving Mercy,
 And soft as th' Infant Bosom of the Spring:

Why was I ever born to be thus Curs'd,
 Or make unhappy so much tender Goodness?

Ho. Oh most unkind! why wilt thou fly my Arms?

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The RIVAL GENERALS. 63

Sig. Thou shalt not grasp an *Ethiop* to thy Bosom,
O never, never, Hope and I've shook Hands :
The Milk-white Fleece stain'd to another Tincture
Neve regains it's genuine Purity.

Hon. Why heaves thy Breast, as in the Pangs of
Death,
Why do thy Eye-balls rowl, and wildly glare ?
What means that livid Paleness on thy Cheeks ?
Why quiver thus thy Lips ? Why staggers all thy
Frame ?

[*Supports her tenderly.*

Sig. I've drank a healing Draught to all my Sor-
rows ;
My Blood all thickens, and the Springs of Life
Are just run down forever ——— [Sinks in his Arms.

Hon. O cruel Maid ! what has thy Rashness done ?

Sig. Could'st thou conceive so low a Thought of
me,

As to survive my sully'd Fame, my Honour ?
I've done a Deed to make me worthy of thee.

Hon. O ! dreadful Proof of unexampled Love !
Then fall *Honorio* ———

Sig. O live, brave Youth, the World can't spare
thee yet ;

Live, and forget thy once lov'd *Sigismunda*,
And screen my Fame from base censorious Tongues —
Ten Thousand Shadows skim before my Eyes ;

A universal Darkness hovers round me ———

Yet will I fix my feeble Sight upon you,
And its last Object is my dear *Honorio*. [Dies.

Hon. Heroic Maid ! by Heav'n, she smiles in
Death ;

O ! let me suck the Venom from thy Heart !

Thou Miser, wilt thou not afford me some ?

What, think'st thou I'll survive, when thou art
gone ?

No ——— this shall quickly make me thine again.

[Lays her gently down, and draws his Sword.

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Thou Monster, Death! What art thou, King of
Terrors?

Thou Goal of Life! Thou great uncertain — WHAT!
Thou'rt, sure, a Sleep to lull the Wretches Pains,
Thy self that Attribute, ascrib'd to thee;
Scorn'd by the *Romans*; courted by the Brave.
'Tis thou unfetter'st our embody'd Minds,
Dissolv'st this Tenement of mouldring Clay,
That screws the Soul to Reason's narrow Views;
But loos'd by thee, how boundless is her Ken,
Lost in th'Expanse of glorious Speculation,
Empyrean Lustre, and effulgent Worlds!
Thou look'st so lovely, and inviting there,

[*Kneeling over Sigismunda.*

I cannot fear thee; this to convince me —

[*Falls on his Sword.*

Enter Astramont and Eloisa.

As. Where is my Brother? Where is my *Honorio*?
That I may greet my Friend with Love and Con-
quest;

Ha! on the Ground! and grov'ling in his Blood!

Elo. O! let me raise him to my trembling Bosom,
And pour my Soul upon his bubbling Wound!

[*They raise him.*

As. Say, say, what savage execrable Hand
Made Virtue bleed? What Monster —

Hon. O *Sigismunda*! there behold —

Elo. O Heav'n's! my Sister dead!

Hon. Poor injur'd Maid! thy Sorrows are at rest —
O! would you hear the Story of her Wrongs,
The direful Tale would petrify each Joint,
Freeze you to Death, and stiffen you to Stone,
Stupid, and cold, as I shall shortly be —
O *Spinoli*!

Pardon me, Heav'n, if I should curse him now,
Nor die in charity with such a Monster!
Legions of Devils kindl'd up a Flame,
Not to be quench'd but in a brutal Rape,

And

And Violation of reluctant Virtue,
O! he has foully stain'd my *Sigismunda*.

Elo. Most horrid Deed!

As. Where is the Villain now? that eldest-born
of Hell—

The frozen Poles, Eddies of scorching Sands,
Or Nature's Bounds, shan't shield him from my
Vengeance.

Hon. He and *Ferolto* fell by mutual Wounds;
While *Sigismunda* with an honest Rage,
And Indignation for her injur'd Innocence,
Drown'd all her Sorrows in a Cup of Poyson,
Just at the fatal Time I storm'd the Citadel—

As. Too plain I read the direful Mystery now—
Honorio only cou'd destroy *Honorio*—

Hon. O my Wound akes, and Life flows out apace,
That buisy Thing is fleeting into Air,
And shortly must evaporate to nothing—
Forgive, O Heav'n, those Gusts of furious Passion,
Those inborn Winds that drive us to despair,
To Death— Yet such you've made our frail
Nature—

Pardon the Christian, in the Wretch, and Madman.

As. Recline thee on the Bosom of thy Friend,
And let Death creep like Infant-Slumbers on thee.

Hon. Thy Hand, my Sister—
One Womb enclos'd both me and *Eloisa*—
Weep not, kind Maid— What, my Friend to weep!
Art thou turn'd Woman for thy dying Brother?
Why do you look so sadly tender on me?
Now have I caught th'Infection of your Eyes,
But oh! I swear, not for myself I mourn,
Nor can my Wounds affect me half so near,
As to behold that mighty Heart thus melt,
And all that dumb expressive Shew of Sorrow.

Elo. My Brother! my *Honorio*!

As. O Death! thou'st caught thy noblest Victim
now!

— Grief choaks my Words —

Hon.

66 *The RIVAL GENERALS.*

Hon. I thank you, Heav'n, that at my Ebb of Life,
My dearest Friends pay their last Office to me,
But this—— and then no more I e'er shall trou-
ble you——

O bend me downwards, lay me gently there,
To breath my last on *Sigismunda's* Breast,
That shining Earth, which once was *Sigismunda* —
So, now 'tis well—— My Brother, Sister, see
How wond'rous lovely she appears in Death,
And smiling, seems to know *Honorio's* near her —
O! mind the Charge of thy departing Friend,
And lay us in one silent Tomb together ;
That at the last great Day we may revive,
And rise together to the great Tribunal,
At once be cloath'd with our immortal Bodies,
And mount to Bliss, all glorify'd for ever.

[*Dies.*

As. The brightest Star of *Venice's* Horison
Has lost its Lustre, and is set for ever ——
But can he die? No—— he has rais'd a Monument,
Lasting and firm as *Egypt's* wondrous Fabricks :
Entom'd within the Breasts of latest Men,
His Actions still flow thro' Future Ages,
'Till Nature's Period, like *Perennial* Springs.

Enter an Officer, with a Senator.

Off. My Lord, a Senator demands an Audience.

Sen. I come from *Genoa's* assembled Fathers,
With full Commission, Sir, to treat with you ——
They would, that all Hostilities may cease,
If by to-morrow's Dawn, with all your Soldiers,
You leave the Town and march beyond our Fron-
tiers.

As. Inform the Senate I accept their Terms ——

[*Exit Senator.*

O! rise, my fairest, to thy Husband's Arms,
[*Raises Eloisa from the Bodies.*
Submit to Heav'n's just Providence, and think
No mortal Being is entirely happy ;
Still some gross Parts mix with the purest Stream.

Pleasure

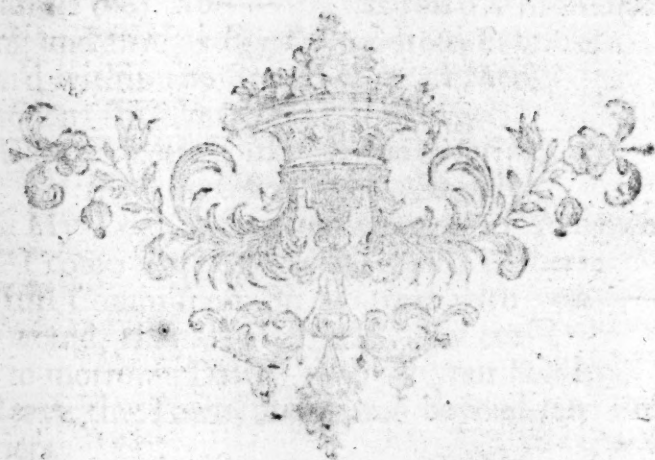
Pleasure incorporates with Cares, and Strife :
'Tis checquer'd all — This Pilgrimage of Life—
If we expect a Happiness sincere,
We hunt a Shadow, and we grasp at Air ;
From our vain Search the Golden Phantom flies, }
Th' enchanted Isle deludes our ravish'd Eyes, }
And when we'd land, evaporates, and dies.

F I N I S.



Pleasure incorporates with Care, and strife;
 The checker'd all — This Pilgrimage of Life —
 If we expect a Happiness sincere,
 We must a Shadow, and we grasp at Air;
 From our vain seats, the Golden Phantom flies,
 Th' enchanted Islands our ravill'd Eyes,
 And when we'll land, evaporates, and dies.

F I N I S.



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